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Events of the Week.

BECAUSE the Prime Minister could not keep faith with the coal-miners and has made the men engaged in that industry distrust him; because his foreign policy has temporarily ruined the British coal trade, and his treatment of it at home has set the two parties to it by the ears; because he would not ask the richer coal-owners to reduce their profits, though the better-to-do miners were willing to cut their wages to help the worse-paid ones; because he has called on thousands of workmen to accept, at an hour's notice, wages on which no self-respecting man with a family can live, and on a scale of reduction such as no household economy could stand; because he has talked the language of the class war, when there was not a scrap of reason for using it, and then encouraged that war by summoning one part of the nation to take arms against the other; because his only policy on coal has been to run away from all the difficulties, and leave them for someone else to shoulder; and because when the issue of peace or war was trembling in the balance he could not produce a scheme of help and alleviation—it seems as if the country had been muddled into a struggle which no one wants, from which no one can benefit, and which a good half of the people cannot even understand. This is the Government of Mr. Lloyd George. The final duty of the nation is to get rid of them as a common nuisance and peril. Its immediate duty is to seek peace, even a compromise peace (such as an enlargement of the powers of the proposed National Committee for supervising the district settlements, and a call to the Government to state precisely what contribution they are prepared to make to the needs of the poorer mining areas), to keep its temper, and to behave like Christians and tolerant men and women while the strain on its nerves and resources goes on.

THE week's debate on the coal industry has been utterly unfruitful. The first strike decision of the Triple Alliance was come to in the hope that, by giving an interval of four days, it would be possible to discover a way to settlement. Then came the visit of the deputation to the Prime Minister, as an earnest of the desire and policy of the Alliance executives to avoid a conflict.

At first things went well. The difficulty about the pumpmen was soon overcome when the stage of negotiation was again reached. But the problem of wages remained. The long discussions by owners and miners on Monday and Tuesday ended in deadlock because of a fundamental difference of outlook between the two parties. The miners held fast to their demand for a national arrangement which would, within certain limits, standardize earnings throughout the coalfields. They made a perceptible advance. For the first time it was made clear by Mr. Hodges that the Federation scheme contemplated contributions from wages as well as from profits for the upkeep of the poorer collieries. That is to say, there would not merely be a pool dealing with profits, as under the system of Government control, but at specified intervals a request would be made by the auditors employed by the National Wages Board for so much money to equalize wages and profits. This would be collected in the form of a levy, to which both owners and men in the richer collieries would contribute.

THE miners contended that, in view of the special conditions of the industry, it was only by some such scheme that the anomaly of high wages in one coalfield and starvation rates in another could be prevented. Given the acceptance of the national arrangement, they were prepared to submit to an all-round flat rate reduction of 2s. a day, equal to thirty millions a year on the wages bill of the industry. The whole debate in the Conference hung on this point. The colliery owners rejected it as firmly as the miners advocated it.

FINALLY Mr. Lloyd George adopted almost without variation the owners' arguments. He made it clear that while the miners in the best collieries were willing to make sacrifices to ensure a decent average, the owners refused to take a farthing from the profits of the richest collieries. These profits were ascribed without qualification to efficient management. But Mr. Hodges argued that the highest efficiency is often found in the mine worst endowed by nature, and *vice versa*. The miners' Executive, therefore, held that the Prime Minister had invited them to an interminable wrangle with owners who refused to budge from their position that the wages offered were the best the industry in the districts could afford. They stressed the point that the Prime Minister gave no hint as to the amount or duration of the Government's help. Therefore, they said, he was really pressing for the acceptance of the owners' terms, as a condition of State assistance.

THE Government have given a grave color to the crisis by taking a hint from M. Briand, calling up the Reserves (last summoned in 1914 to fight the Germans) and forming a "Volunteer Defence Force," composed of military units for a service of ninety days, to secure the maintenance of the national supplies. Some central action for the feeding of the community is, of course, necessary, and it must be an organized and disciplined one. But we should have thought that prudent and right-thinking men would have avoided such an appeal as that headed "How can I help the Nation?" which appears on the walls of the capital. It is addressed to "loyal

citizens," and gives obvious encouragement to the notion that the strikers are disloyal and that they do not properly belong to the nation. This is the nearest approach to a proclamation of class war that this country has ever made and it is deeply to be deplored that the Government have brought about that division without one real appeal to the national instinct for unity and comradeship, quickened, as it should have been, by common service in the war. This country has attained its place in modern Europe and in Christian civilization without a single act of fratricidal strife. The maintenance of that tradition seems to us a first and sacred charge of statesmanship. It has been utterly disregarded.

MEANWHILE, no real attempt has been made to meet the substance of the miners' case. The half-promise of an unnamed dole for an unnamed period could not possibly bring a settlement. It did nothing to apply the principle of a fair subsistence wage, now generally admitted and in use, not only in all public services, but in agriculture and in all trades coming under the Trades Boards Act. As the "Westminster Gazette" puts it: "The miners will not think it fair that a man should be paid only £2 5s. a week in the Forest of Dean for doing exactly the same work as another man is paid £5 1s. 9d. for doing in South Yorkshire." Yet there is nothing in the Government's offer to remedy this unfairness. These men and those in South Wales and Cumberland who fall in the same category, cannot live and work upon such terms, and, what is more, it is against public policy to try and make them. A delay-dole, without a policy behind it, is mere shirking of the issue of principle which underlies the miners' claim. Coalmining is not and cannot be a private business. It is the foundation stone of the industrial edifice. This is the real case for unity and national control.

THE workers therefore feel that the whole issue of a national minimum is at stake, as against the doctrine, obsolete as was supposed, that wages must follow prices to an unlimited fall in times of depression. They challenge the doctrine not only as disastrous to the standard of the workers but as an economically unsound policy. It would have been sounder tactics for them to keep firmly to the front all through their demand that the policy of nationalization issuing from the Sankey Report is now the only cure for this confusion. Had it then been put in force, the huge profits shared by the Treasury from the export trade would have furnished a national reserve against lean times. The private district arrangement will not produce the coal, and to reply that the poorer mines must shut down and the men starve or emigrate is not a policy which this or any other Government can carry out. Industrial power is a national asset. And as such, it should be conserved and administered.

WHILE awaiting May Day, M. Briand continues to indulge in periodical threats. In a short speech to the Chamber on Tuesday he renewed the menaces which he had spoken in the Senate. It was useless, he said, for the Germans to try to gain time: the bailiffs had been sent, and the gendarmes would follow them if necessary. The patience of France was exhausted, and she would, on May Day, "be present at the *rendezvous*." The bailiff metaphor seems more appropriate than that drawn from duelling. Meanwhile, the Reparations Commission has completed the hearing of the German objections to its valuation of the damage to be repaired. So far as one can gather from the official news, it listened to

numerous protests and brushed them all aside. A skilful if disingenuous propaganda continues, with the object of suggesting that Germany is "shamming dead," and is really rioting in prosperity. The argument now chiefly relied on is the apparently big dividends of many industrial concerns. This is to ignore the effect of the devaluation of the mark. A hundred gold marks invested before the war in plant, may seem to be yielding 60 per cent., until one realizes that dividends are paid in paper. In reality, since the plant has not depreciated like the paper, it is only paying 5 per cent.

THE effect of the French threats to occupy the whole Ruhr Valley on May Day may be seen, before the fatal date, in fresh proposals from the Germans. The Swiss Federal Government lacks the courage or the wish to mediate. The new plan which seems to be gaining favor, at all events with moderates in Berlin, is that Germany should pay her indemnity by taking over the whole total of the Allied debts to America, which may amount to about £10,000 millions. It is a vast amount, but some Germans think they could shoulder it, because they believe that America would be a helpful and reasonable creditor. She would assist them to pay, by granting credits and raw materials, and her interest would be to furnish them with a market. They would escape French coercion, and might, in shipping, mining, and the chemical and electrical industries, make a fruitful and by no means onerous alliance with American capital. It seems a reasonable plan, but precisely because it would end the political and economic ascendancy of France over Central Europe, one doubts whether Paris will listen to it.

THERE is no longer any secret about the arrangements between the Kemalist Turks on the one hand and Italy and France on the other, which preceded the London Conference. The French made no secret about their "deal." They have restored Cilicia politically to the Turks, even adding to it a little North Syrian territory, and retain nothing in the way of control save what they may exercise through French "instructors" to the *gendarmerie*. For this abandonment of the Armenian population they gain a monopoly in all manner of "concessions" in this fertile area. The Italian bargain is now also disclosed, and it follows similar lines. Italy is accepted as the recognized economic exploiter of the whole of Adalia, and her zone extends even to Afium Karahissar. More important still, the Turks ratify her claims (adopted at San Remo) to the Heraclea (Eregli) coalfield, which is believed to be as valuable as it is accessible. In return, she pledges herself to help the Turks to secure a tolerable status, and becomes politically their acknowledged ally. Both Powers are following *Real-politik* very frankly, and it is absurd to talk of the Treaty as in any sense existent, for it now rests solely on the bayonets of the defeated Greeks.

AFTER Mesopotamia, Yap. The circular note from Washington to the Allied Governments on this fateful little island has been published this week. Its rather wordy argument may be summarized in a few words. Mr. Wilson denies that he ever gave his consent in the Council of Four to the allocation of this island to Japan. The Allies claim, however, in assigning the fruits of victory, to be acting for the principal Allied and Associated Powers. They will hardly deny that America is one of these, yet she has not given her assent. The allotment is therefore null and void, and the island, as the centre of the Pacific cable system, ought to be internationalized. The answer is cogent and unanswerable.

as it stands, but the Allies have the excuse that Mr. Wilson, by his withdrawal from the "Association," rendered the transaction of business in common impossible. Nor is it clear what mechanism Washington, after discarding the League, proposes for "internationalizing" an island which has vital political and strategic connections. The Japanese view has not yet been publicly stated, and presumably if Japan gives way she will ask for compensation. This Note on Yap practically extends the American challenge to the whole system of allotting mandates.

* * *

On its negative side American foreign policy is brilliantly clear: its positive intentions are still nebulous. That is evident once more from President Harding's message to Congress, and, given all the circumstances of his election, nothing else was to be expected. The country was tired of idealism, of its rôle in world-politics, and of Mr. Wilson. It chose a President who would do nothing and say little, and Mr. Harding means to merit its confidence. "Back to normalcy" means, in foreign policy, a return to the most rigid reading of the Washingtonian maxim of non-intervention. The message accordingly tramples heavily on the League of Nations. With the League and its Covenant America will have nothing to do, for it has become a mere "enforcing agency of the victors." The anomalous position of the United States, out of the alliance, yet still in the war, is to be regulated on Senator Knox's plan of a resolution ending the state of war, qualified, however, by some declaration to the effect that in circumstances repeating the world-war America would again act in the same way. A rather obscure passage seems to mean that America will also sign the Treaty of Versailles, with the Covenant cut out of it, while qualifying her signature with large reservations, which will give "absolute freedom from inadvisable commitments."

* * *

DURING the week there have been many accounts of rough conduct at the pitheads, and of the serious damage done by flooding. In view of these, Mr. Siegfried Sassoon sends us the following account of what has actually happened to the Glamorgan mine at Tonypandy, usually a storm-centre of the mining camp. Mr. Sassoon writes:

"During the week-end great prominence has been accorded by the Press to the Glamorgan mine at Tonypandy. On Saturday night it became known that the three Llwynypia pits were threatened by irretrievable destruction. Smoke was reported to be rising from the pit heads, and spontaneous combustion was feared. Company officials had worked the pumping engines until Friday, when a deputation from a mass meeting of three thousand Tonypandy miners dissuaded them from continuing the work. There was no suggestion of violence, but the safety men were withdrawn and pumping ceased for thirty-five hours, in fact, until Mr. Hodges's telegram early on Sunday morning.

"In view of the riotous reputation acquired by Tonypandy in the past, there seemed a prospect of lively complications. The Home Office List of Mines, dated 1920, states that the Glamorgan Coal Company finds employment for 3,600 persons. In March this year, the Company declared a 15 per cent. dividend. On April 10th, shareholders read in their Sunday papers that water was pouring into pits at the rate of fifty gallons per second. On Monday morning I was borne into the Glamorgan Colliery on the first wave of reporters and cinema operators, and was welcomed at the gateway in the high wall by stolid examples of the Glamorgan Constabulary. A chimney was vomiting smoke, steam was being generated, and the pumps were going all out. The ban had been lifted.

"In the course of brief inspection of the boiler house, I acquired the information from the unpaid acting stokers to the effect that the damage was not serious, and that the depredations of Nature were now well under control. Saturday's smoke demonstration had been diagnosed as an upward

emission of coal dust caused by subterranean draughts. "I have only to add that I have watched the men whom the Recorder of London officially designates as 'a foe perhaps quite as serious as Germans, whom we spent four years in fighting.' They have, so far, committed not a single irresponsible act of violence, and their behavior has been all their wisest leaders could wish."

* * *

AN Irish correspondent with an intimate personal knowledge of Dr. Walsh writes: "Dr. Walsh's political attitude was consistent. He began life as a repealer, and in his middle years supported an Irish Parliamentary Party so long as it maintained itself at Westminster in independent opposition. He was one of the first Irishmen to detect the abandonment of that principle, and his early defection from the Party was a portent which the Party leaders ignored, but which, in time, the Irish people recognized. He grew into ever closer sympathy with the new Sinn Féin movement and gave it decisive support at such critical moments as the Longford election. He had a positive, lawyer-like, but far-stretching mind, with many ever-renewing side interests—music, bimetallicism, astronomy: his interest, for example, in ciphers, had a large part in the exposure of Pigott at a time when, as now, forgery was one of the Government's weapons. He had foresight in exceptional degree, and the turn for quick, decisive action. But his chief quality in public affairs was a rigorous search for, and adherence to, a first principle which he liked then to formulate in some pithy way, as for example, throughout the education fight, in 'equality is equity.' His attachment to first principles and their logical application bound him in sympathy with Sinn Féin from the beginning. After 1916 he took repeated occasion to identify himself with the national resistance to tyranny, and his proud and scornful bearing towards Maxwell and his successors reflected, or anticipated, the national attitude. He had few English friendships or admirations, and these carefully limited. Amongst them were Manning and Gladstone, revealing his strong democratic bent. His experience of English statesmen taught him wariness, and he was fond of preaching it—most lately to Dr. Clune when engaged in that form of negotiation which Mr. Lloyd George lightly commissions and disowns."

* * *

"THE CASE FOR THE MINERS."

Something goes wrong with my synthetic brain
When I defend the Strikers and explain
My reasons for not blackguarding the Miners.
"What do you know?" exclaim my fellow-diners
(Peeling their plovers' eggs or lifting glasses
Of mellowed *Château Rentier* from the table),
"What do you know about the working classes?"

I strive to hold my own; but I'm unable
To state the case succinctly. Indistinctly
I mumble about World-Emancipation,
Standards of Living, Nationalization
Of Industry; until they get me tangled
In superficial details; goad me on
To unconvincing vagueness. When we've wrangled
From soup to savory, my temper's gone.

"Why should a miner earn six pounds a week?"
"Leisure! They'd only spend it in a bar!"
"Standard of life! You'll never teach them Greek,"
"Or make them more contented than they are!"
That's how my port-flushed friends discuss the Strike.
And that's the reason why I shout and splutter.
And that's the reason why I'd almost like
To see them hawking matches in the gutter.

S. S.

Politics and Affairs.

THE MINERS AND THE NATION.

IN the summer of 1916 an officer was in charge of a small working party in France engaged in some tunnelling operations, when there was a sudden fall of earth, and five men were buried. Four out of the five were miners from the North of England. Three men were rescued, but the remaining two were in a more inaccessible place and their chances seemed desperate. After working for some hours their comrades contrived to make a hole just large enough for one of the two men to creep out. The fifth man was bigger, and he happened to be the one who was not a miner. The officer, thanking God that at any rate four out of the five were saved, called to the miner to come out; but the miner refused, saying that when two men were in a dangerous place in a mine, one never deserted the other. He resisted all orders, all entreaties. The soldiers set to work again, but it was a long task, and before they could get the men out a German shell destroyed prison and prisoners together.

That incident was a characteristic of the spirit in which the miners served in the war, flocking into the army in the early months in such numbers that the supply of coal was seriously affected, making admirable soldiers in everything except the Potsdam touch and finish, and accepting sacrifices as wage earners which were not the less remarkable because it was commonly believed among them that considerable profits were being made in other quarters out of the nation's necessities. If we wanted an eloquent comment on the conduct and statesmanship of our Ministers, we could not find one more poignant than the spectacle of a Government calling on "loyal citizens" to shoulder a rifle, and the papers describing a mobilization, compared in some of their columns to the rally to the colors of 1914, against the fellow-workers of the man who refused in the summer of 1916 to desert his comrade in danger. For it is to this that we have been brought by the behavior of Ministers who, from the moment in 1919 when they decided to throw in their lot against Labor, have treated the mass of the workers as an element of danger to the State. There is, at bottom, very little difference between the way in which Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Robert Horne, and their colleagues regard the men who make up the Triple Alliance and the way in which Castlereagh and Sidmouth regarded the workers in a very similar crisis in 1817. The worker, the man and woman on whose labors the community depends, without whose toil and sacrifices there would be no room in the world for men of leisure and comfortable culture like Dean Inge, is isolated from the community, in one section after another, and treated as if he were a rebel or an alien or an enemy whom the State had to suppress or keep in order. The possessing classes of a nation are always apt to think of themselves as the nation, and this spirit emerges in every crisis. Part of the trouble in the coal industry was caused admittedly by the conduct of some of the mineowners who refused to work their richer seams as long as the Government controlled the industry. There was no appeal then from the Government to "loyal citizens." Why not? Because Ministers still live in a world in which men of property represent the nation, and it is as difficult for them to be just to the worker as it is for the "Daily Herald" to be just to the owners of the mines. A good illustration of their point of view is to be found in an argument constantly heard from them. They say that

the miners tried to convert the nation to nationalization; that they failed, and that now they are trying to obtain the same result by direct action. Now presumably the test of the opinion of the country is to be found in the bye-elections; on those bye-elections, the Labor Party has done better than the Government. Where then is the evidence of their failure? What Ministers really mean is that after the Sankey Commission had reported, the big interests prevailed on the Government to treat its plan as if it had never been made.

It will be said by some that this is a very grave imputation, and that it is not justified by the facts. The answer is that badly as we may think of the Government's intelligence, we can scarcely think that they failed to understand what they were doing when they threw down their challenge to the Triple Alliance. Now one idea has a fixed hold on the mind of the miners. They are determined that their industry shall be put on a different basis, and that men's wages shall not vary by huge amounts from district to district according to the commercial prosperity of the different districts. This is a reasonable demand. It does not represent some strange whim of the miners; the principle is in force in several industries. Moreover, within the mining world the demand for some unification of the industry does not come from the miners alone; it is supported, as Mr. Tawney pointed out in a very telling article in the "Daily News" last Tuesday, by the principal witnesses before the Sankey Commission, including Sir Richard Redmayne and Mr. Arthur Lowes Dickinson: it was recommended by three members of the Commission who opposed nationalization, Sir Arthur Duckham, Mr. Balfour, and Sir Thomas Royden; and a plan for giving effect to it was actually drafted in the office of the Coal Controller. The miners then were pressing for something to which they attached great importance, and their case for reform had this very powerful support. Ministers who were not blind must have known that they had to reckon with this demand in considering their policy. And in making that demand the miners were asking for a reform for which many of their districts would pay in a sacrifice of wages. In a strike against the new proposals of the masters, miners in certain districts were striking, not for higher, but for lower wages for themselves. The miners were therefore asking for something that would seem equitable to the ordinary person, and would only seem unreasonable to extreme disciples of the doctrine of the industrial revolution, that each man should do the best for himself and not trouble about his fellows. And if this demand appeals to the sense of equity in the ordinary man, it appeals naturally with still greater force to the worker on the railway and the worker in the docks.

In considering the facts that must have been present to the minds of Ministers when they decided on sudden decontrol, we have to recollect also that the railways (Mr. Churchill announced at the General Election that the Government's policy was nationalization) are to be decontrolled in August, and that the chairmen of different railway companies have been telling the shareholders that wages must come down. To the railwaymen, then, the spectacle of the sudden decontrol of the mines, followed by a fall in wages amounting in some cases to 33 per cent., had a very serious significance. The transport workers had equally good reason for alarm. The railway magnates and other employers who have spoken so freely of the necessity of large reductions in wages must have known that they

were not talking only to their shareholders. Could any man in his senses then have doubted that if the mines were suddenly decontrolled, without one of the reforms recommended by the Sankey Commission, and real wages fell below the standard of 1914, there would be a strike in all the industries connected with the Triple Alliance? We called attention last week to a letter from Mr. Hurd, putting the average wage on the owners' proposals as 91 per cent. above the wages of 1914. The Attorney-General has since given this figure in his argument before the Industrial Court on the question of the right of the miners to unemployment benefit. As prices are 141 above the figure for 1914, it is seen that the miners are asked to accept a good deal less than they earned in 1914. If a similar reduction is made in railway wages and transport wages, these three industries will in many cases fall below the level to which the agricultural laborer has been raised.

With these facts before their minds, Ministers decided on decontrol at the moment when, the industry being in serious adversity, a readjustment of wages in accordance with its circumstances was bound to have startling results. At the same time they refused to introduce any one of the reforms urged upon them by expert witnesses. They threw the industry on to its own resources. If ever a strike was justified, surely it is a strike against a great reduction of wages, after a Government has had a tight hand on an industry for some years, has alienated Europe by the grasping and short-sighted way in which it has conducted the industry, and has destroyed the markets of that industry by its bad economics and its ruinous foreign policy. And if ever men were justified in threatening to strike, it was the workers in other industries who saw that they would suffer to-morrow the fate the miners are suffering to-day. Does anybody now doubt that the miners were right to strike in 1893, the strike that was the first effective protest against the theory that miners' wages must depend on profits? The conduct of the Government is only explicable on the supposition that they thought that a struggle in the coal industry at a moment when the miners were ill-equipped would help the country in its present difficulties, and that it would lead to large reductions of wages in other industries.

If Ministers with this outlook, with these strict attachments, and with this pernicious habit of resorting to force, had matters all their own way, there could be only one result. Civil war, and perhaps revolution, would be certain. The workers will not accept in 1921 what they had to accept in 1817 or 1819. Fortunately, there are other elements in the nation that can assert themselves, and it is clear from the leading columns of the "Times," and its admissions of the substantial justice of Mr. Hodges's objections to the Government (*i.e.*, the owners') scheme of settlement, that there is a great repugnance to a class war, in quarters where the fairest and ablest presentment of the case for the existing order is wont to be made. If these elements assert themselves the efforts of the trade union leaders, who have a great sense of responsibility and desire a reasonable settlement, will rescue the nation from the dangers to which it has been exposed. To try to fling back the workers to 1914 is one way of dealing with this industrial crisis. But there is another, and if it is adopted, if democratic ideas and wider sympathies are substituted for these methods, we may be saved as we were saved in the war—the war which was won, not by politicians, nor by generals, but by the rank and file of the people, and among others by the miner who stood by his comrade in the buried tunnel.

THE WAR WITHOUT END.

STUDENTS of modern history used to shudder at the secret wickedness of Bismarck, when they came upon the records of his design to repeat the Franco-Prussian war some five years after its conclusion. The story, which may well be exaggerated, is that he thought France was recovering too fast. His plan to invade her again was thwarted by the good offices of Queen Victoria and the Tsar. But in retrospect we have found ourselves insensibly modifying our opinion about Bismarck. How moderate he appears in the light of our own contemporary experience! Here is M. Briand about to repeat this Bismarckian *coup*. But he is not content to allow even a five years' breathing space. Twice already the armies of the victors have overflowed the ample lines of occupation prescribed in the Treaty, and now we are told that the third invasion, timed for May Day, is to be a formal renewal of the war. The details are not officially disclosed. Some profess to know that Marshal Foch will at last satisfy his ambition to enter Berlin; others predict a blockade; it seems probable that the Ruhr coal-field will be occupied, and preparations are going on for the mobilization of two or three classes of the French reserve. All this is not mere speculation, for M. Briand's speech of last week to the Senate meant at least that the Ruhr will be occupied. France, it seems, is fully prepared to act alone, and may even prefer isolation. There are no Great Powers who will talk moderation to M. Briand, as the Queen and the Tsar remonstrated with Bismarck, and if such words should be spoken, one doubts if he would listen. We have all been wrong about Bismarck. Even he was formed by the comparative moderation and sanity of the nineteenth century.

If public opinion in this country seems to take the prospect of this outrage calmly, it is doubtless because it is preoccupied with the coal crisis, much as it was diverted, on the eve of the Great War, by Sir Edward Carson's rebellion. It is easy, moreover, to take any new act of violence lightly and cynically. It does not stand out against a background of peace and legality. Nowhere has the atmosphere of peace returned, and the everlasting wars round Russia and in Turkey, to say nothing of such scandals as the raids on Fiume and Vilna, have taught us to forget that violence was ever the exception in the daily life of our Continent. The racial war in Ireland and the class war in Central Europe have bred in the spectators an indifference to murder which would have shocked a Mexican mining camp. Above this chaos, the League of Nations, which should have banished war and made the right of the weakest civilized State as powerful as the might of the greatest, has become the timid handmaiden of the victors.

What M. Briand proposes to do does not greatly differ in kind from what he and his predecessors have done already. It is the raid on Frankfort on a much larger scale. The scale, however, matters considerably, and with the lapse of every month from the nominal ending of the war, each new violence is the more detestable. It may be that Sir Gordon Hewart, or his French colleagues, will be able to produce some specious legal argument which will square the new war on Germany with the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. Such exercises in casuistry succeed rather in discrediting the Treaty than in justifying the Allies. Let us admit that the Treaty is so drawn that if the Allies choose to hold the opinion that Germany has defaulted, they may of their own motion, without appeal or arbitration, take any

warlike steps they please. That Treaty did not make a peace. It hung over Europe the perpetual menace of latent war. For all that the Covenant of the League is bound up in the same volume with this Treaty, it makes the commission of warlike acts against Germany incomparably easier than they would have been, as international law stood before 1914. For however much the Allies may occupy and invade, they have bound Germany in advance not to consider such aggressions as formal acts of war. Indeed, even if Germany were a member of the League the Treaty has robbed her in advance of any right to appeal to the Covenant, or to invoke the good offices of the League, whatever measures the Allies may take against her. For thirty years to come, as this Treaty stands, there is nothing to prevent the French from marching periodically into Berlin, nor is there anything to check us if we chose to renew the blockade every third year, if only some default under the Treaty can be charged against the Germans. An international society which recognizes such a Treaty as the basis of its public law is as far from peace as the France of feudal privileges was from equality. That reign of public law in Europe for which, as Mr. Asquith used to tell us in his Roman eloquence, we drew the sword, does not exist and cannot exist while this Treaty stands. It will begin to exist only when the Allies admit some impartial voice, whether of judge or neutral arbitrator, to decide the points of fact and law which are at issue between our late enemies and ourselves.

In this instance the ground which M. Briand has chosen to justify a fresh invasion of German territory is a simple issue, eminently suitable for judicial settlement. The Treaty required that Germany should pay by May Day of this year, in cash or kind, a sum of £1,000 millions. That is a colossal figure, when one takes her present industrial ruin into account, and it happens to be twice the whole total which Bismarck exacted from France. Immense values have undoubtedly been paid—ships, dredgers, cranes, locomotives, machinery, cattle, coal, and dyes. To value them would tax the intelligence and integrity of the most impartial experts. Are the surrendered ships, for example, worth the high average cost of tonnage which ruled at or before the date of delivery, or the absurdly low rate which rules to-day after the delivery has swamped our market? Again, was it reasonable, in valuing coal, to take the low controlled price current in Germany instead of the vastly higher world-price? Such questions arise inevitably over every article which composes this immense tribute, and the result is that while the Germans assert that they have paid the full thousand millions and something over, the Allies acknowledge the receipt only of one-third of the amount. Which valuation is the fairer? Both estimates are those of interested parties, and were this an ordinary business transaction, no one would dream of accepting either without the confirmation of an impartial referee. It seems to us merely barbarous that the creditor should enforce his own contested estimate by arms, and draw from it the utmost conclusion of warlike action. This ought to be a case for the League's Tribunal, if it existed, and, failing this Court, the best substitute might be a judge or a Commission nominated by America. For if, as is probable, such a judge were to find that the values delivered fall short of the full thousand millions, the further question would arise whether Germany is in a position to pay more without destroying her own economic life. That is really the central issue in the whole reparations debate, and it ought to be decided, with the aid of highly skilled experts, by a judge whose verdict would command universal respect.

We realize, of course, the complete vanity of such arguments. The whole structure of the Treaty proves conclusively that the Allies never contemplated the introduction of any neutral mediator (not even the League, which is far from being neutral) between themselves and their late enemies. Arbitration is all very well for Swedes and Finns, and other peoples with small debts and small ambitions. The Allies believe in arbitrating with everyone except their enemies. But even if this subversive proposal be rejected as unworthy of victors and great Powers, whose prerogative it is to be the judges in their own cause, there are still reasons why British policy should oppose to this French invasion the most decided and uncompromising resistance. The plan, so far as we can gather, is to occupy the Ruhr coalfield, preferably with an unmixed French garrison, to set its miners (nearly all of them Socialists and many of them Communists) to work under foreign bayonets to hew out the tribute, and to place in French hands the sale and disposal of the coal. A very large force with all the weapons of modern war might possibly manage to coerce and intimidate the miners, though even then the experience of French rule in the Saar pits suggests that the output would probably be extremely disappointing.

It would then lie with French officials, whose ties with French industrialists are notoriously close, to ration this diminished output. France, of course, would take as much as she could herself consume. She would sell the rest for her own indemnity account. Much of it would go, as the Ruhr tribute already goes, to Holland, Scandinavia, and other neutrals. It would depend on her policy to assign a residue, large or small, fixed or fluctuating, to Germany. If at the same time she succeeds, as it is probable she will, in assigning the Upper Silesian mines to the Poles (which means, in effect, to herself), Germany would be left with nothing but the relatively unimportant Saxon field to draw from. A great industrial people of sixty millions would find itself in the same plight as the two millions of Vienna. It would depend on the goodwill of France how far (outside Saxony) any industry whatever could be conducted in Germany. It might not suit the French to impose absolute starvation, but they would have the means of dictating and extorting as it might suit them. They could starve Prussia, and ration Bavaria amply, of course on the understanding that Bavaria breaks away from the Reich. They would be, in virtue of this economic mastery, more important even than their unprecedented military ascendancy, the dictators of the entire Continent. With the iron of Lorraine and the coal of the Ruhr and Silesia at their command, their control would surpass anything within the experience of Europe since Napoleon's Empire crumbled.

How far such a political nightmare would commend itself to our rulers as a tolerable solution of the European problem, we do not know; what constructive visions they entertain, or ever have entertained, passes our understanding. Of one thing we are sure. This French ascendancy would not be stable. It is conceivable that Herr Stinnes and other German millionaires might come to terms with the less experienced French industrialists, and join them in holding the rest of Europe to ransom. But the average German, from the Monarchists at one end of the scale to the Communists at the other, would ask only how this intolerable despotism could be broken. The dream which some Russians and some Germans have cherished for two years of a Russo-German Red army fighting on the Rhine, might, in the end, come true. No disarmament, however

drastic, could perpetuate such a slavery for many years. If such arguments do not move us, the economic prospect may sooner or later begin to alarm us. *This French control of Europe's coal would complete the ruin of our own coal industry by making its exports irrecoverable.* With Germany starved of coal, all hope of the restoration of trade would be finally gone. Unemployment would be permanent here, and the Bolshevism which Mr. George's policy provokes might at last become even here a reality. Militarist Imperialism on such a scale will light infallibly the flames of class war, first in Germany and then nearer home. If a lingering tradition of moderation and sanity survives among us, this French scheme will be resisted with the firmest veto which our language can phrase.

AMERICANISM AT WORK.

PRESIDENT HARDING's message to Congress sheds no clear light upon America's future foreign policy. There is a formally definite repudiation of the existing League of Nations on the ground (taken at Paris by Mr. Lansing) that it was maimed at birth by its incorporation in the dictated Peace Treaty. But this refusal is accompanied by a renewed proposal to promote an "Association" of the nations to secure peace. If this be taken in conjunction with the Root project of an International Judicial Court and a concerted policy of disarmament, it should signify another League, divorced from all committals relating to the Peace Treaties, and securing the United States from any possible supernatural interference with her domestic interests and her own interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine. But such an Association cannot, we are told, be brought into being until the world is at peace.

Not less ambiguous is the President's statement of America's attitude to the Peace Treaties. Apparently the immediate action is to be a peace with Germany by means of a declaratory resolution of Congress, the proposal of Senator Knox, including a declaration to the effect that in the event of another threat to the peace of the world America would once more be prepared to intervene. But if, as is stated, all American rights and interests under the Treaties are to be safeguarded by this resolution, it must be a complex document. Indeed, it is evident that peace by resolution is only designed as a stop-gap policy. For, in carefully greased verbiage, Congress is advised that "because the situation is so involved that our peace engagements cannot ignore settlements already effected," "the wiser course would seem to be the acceptance of the confirmation of our rights and interests as already provided under the existing treaty, assuming, of course, that this can satisfactorily be accomplished by such explicit reservations and modifications as will secure our absolute freedom from inadvisable commitments and safeguard all our essential interests." This seems to mean that the new Administration will later on sign the Versailles Treaty with reservations. One omission in the message indicates the failure of M. Viviani in what was understood to be the prime object of his recent visit, the endeavor to bring America into the triple alliance for the defence of France in the event of further trouble with Germany.

Americanism, anti-Wilsonism, and delay are the notes of this immediate policy. A new protective tariff, a great mercantile service, a Navy equal to any other in the world, a spirited policy on mandates and American political and economic interests in all parts of the world—here we have the traditional attitude of Republicanism brought to a high tension. But this

policy of aggressive self-sufficiency must be qualified to satisfy the friends of some sort of League to Enforce Peace, to conciliate the new powerful business interests set up by the enlarged export trade and Europe's indebtedness, and, above all, to meet the general demands for a thriftier administration.

In other words, American statecraft, like that of Europe, is tangled in contradictions and dilemmas, and is not prepared for any kind of courageous, straightforward action. A high tariff is manifestly incompatible with a profitable foreign trade. America is not prepared at present even to consider the remission of Allied indebtedness. But she is equally unwilling to receive payment for these debts in the only way that is possible. She wants "the goods" out of the Peace Treaty and the Covenant without signing them or incurring any obligations. She wants at once a big and a cheap Navy, peace, and a strong provision against eventualities.

At present Mr. Harding is evidently playing for time. Nothing deserving the name of foreign policy will be decided until the atmosphere is clearer. Now this carries two implications. The first has reference to our own interests. There are a number of little issues between us and America—Mesopotamian oil, the Yap mandate, the Panama tolls, the Japanese Treaty. This last must be included, for though the United States claims no right of interference in our relations with Japan, the hot air which surrounds this race question cannot be ignored. But behind and above all these issues lies Ireland. As the Washington correspondent of "The Observer" insists in a striking communication, all these other questions would be susceptible of an easy, pacific arrangement, were it not for the bitterness and intensity of the feeling about Ireland. It is not merely that a highly vocal sixth of the people of America are of Irish blood. The general body of the population is inflamed by the true stories of our atrocities in Ireland as they were inflamed by the Prussian atrocities in Belgium. Little groups of pro-Britishers in Eastern cities may escape this passion by ignoring facts. But it is ablaze in all parts of the country. Congress will not intervene by the recognition of an Irish Republic or by any other overt act of sympathy. But Ireland will inflame all the other issues and kill the co-operation of the two English-speaking nations for the achievement of a better world-order. The uncompromising language of the Yap Note, as of the former note on Mesopotamia, reflects this feeling.

The European Allies are all implicated in these issues. But the seizure of the richer mandated areas is charged particularly against Britain. There is still the trickle of a wave of sympathy with France, Italy, and Belgium; none with us. Even before the Irish atrocities our moral stock was going down. It has sunk now to a dangerously low level. We use this language with a full sense of responsibility. For though there is nothing in Mr. Harding's message, or in recent diplomatic intercourse, to indicate anything more than a chilliness of tone, those who know the American people well will realize how rapidly passion sweeps over them and imperils public relations. Let us not be deceived by sentimental talk about the strong ties of a common tongue, laws, religion, and institutions, as making impossible a serious breach of amity between the two nations. American democracy, ineffective in detailed control of its politics, is more dangerously inflammable than any other, and is better able to communicate its passion to its Government. When we remember the sudden brief peril of the Venezuelan incident, a trivial issue in itself, we ought to realize that the Irish policy

of our Government may, at any time, fan to fury the temper of this sensitive and impetuous people.

But it is not necessary to overstress this obvious peril. It is much more likely that we and our European Allies (the common debtors of America) will finally have the sense to make the concessions and qualifications needed to conciliate America and enable her to state the conditions of her "Association" for peace and disarmament. But delay is itself fraught with grave dangers. Europe cannot mark time. France has no intention of doing so, or of permitting her Allies to do so. Events of the approaching weeks may so jeopardize the political and economic order in Europe as to play once more into the hands of the isolation wing of the Republicans and to disable the Administration from pursuing any constructive foreign policy. There may be no strong support for France's policy of forcible sanctions. But there is little disposition to sympathize with Germany. Towards Germany, as towards Russia, propaganda has kept alive a feeling of hatred and suspicion bitterer than anything experienced here. If the reparation policy proceeds according to plan, there will be small chance for America to secure the sort of peaceable relations with Europe which her better-disposed people desire. She will simply make her declaratory resolution, cut her trade and financial losses, and stand out of the confused and destructive European game. She will then pursue a practically isolated nationalism, and wait for some distant time when her idealists can plant the banner of their Association for disarmament and the judicial settlement of disputes. Only the flag may wave over a ruined Europe.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THERE is always a great deal of confused thinking on industrial strife in this and every other country, but I am convinced of the existence of a good deal of steady and massed opinion that in substance—not in tactics—the miners were right. If from the first their friends had placarded England and filled the newspapers with tables and clear and popular illustrations of the wage-cuts proposed for South Wales, Durham, and Scotland, the volume would have been overwhelming, and the controversy would have been over. But the "Daily Herald" was too busy with its "class war" to perform this elementary service for the workmen, and so the "Morning Post" found it easy to induce its readers to talk of ponies and pumps, and frighten them with the bogey of Bolshevism. Thus the lost opportunity has never been quite recaptured, and the Government have been able to hide from the nation the sinister bungle they have made of its affairs. Yet what a crime they have committed against the economy of a great trade and the life and happiness of the nation! What an unpardonable thing it was to take a great industry, make millions out of it, divert its entire scheme of sale and price-fixing, and then, when it had been milked to the last drop, to fling the desiccated thing back on the workers and owners, with a gruff word to make what they could of it!

Who blames the mine-owners? Many of them hate their job, and (especially in South Wales) denounced the

men who set them to it. Proper de-control was impossible in the time allotted to them. The old machinery had gone to pieces; and there was no time to improvise a new one. All that could be done was to split the loss fairly among the three parties—the State, the miners, and the mine-owners. This was the policy of the moderates among the workmen, notably of Mr. Henderson. But that was exactly what the conscienceless action of the Government forbade. A hammer and tongs fight between Capital and Labor was therefore inevitable. The Government then added to their offence by siding against the men, and calling on them to lay down their arms before the debate on the treaty had begun. The country has hardly noticed how Mr. George slipped out of this proposal when he found that the Triple Alliance would not stand it. But it has brought the country to the verge of civil war.

MEANWHILE, I suppose it is all right. It was right to tell the perturbed people of London that the troops who throng their streets and barracks were not intended for service against the Germans but only against our own workmen. It was also prudent, for apparently our thoughtless citizens found some difficulty in conceiving it. It must also be right for the Recorder of London to release a gentleman—said to be lately of the Air Corps, who came before him, with some trifling flaws in his character to explain away—for "use to his Majesty" "against a foe perhaps quite as serious as the Germans." Of course, if miners and railwaymen and lorry drivers conceal these dangerous tendencies beneath their cloth caps and fustian, the sooner we exercise a little physical restraint and warning at their expense the better. And it would seem also to be fortunate that these sinister developments should have come to light soon enough for our Prime Minister to nip them in the bud, and yet not so soon as that a few thousand miners and miscellaneous workers (dead in France) could get any foretaste and inkling of such events. For if this prophetic genius resided in common men, they might never trust their rulers, and the State would be barely manageable in times like these, let alone in times of war, when common stuff, and plenty of it, is badly wanted. So let us be thankful for what we get in the way of wisdom in the governing classes.

THE Roman Church in Ireland has never wanted for able leaders, but it will feel the loss of Archbishop Walsh, although his closing years were full of pain, and were spent in half-retirement. He was so much of a Nationalist leader that when he left Parnell on the divorce case, the Irish leader's fate was sealed. Yet it was he who played one of the most important parts in the disclosure of the Pigott forgeries. Pigott had made a half-admission to him (not under the seal of the confessional), and had supplied a clue which ultimately proved fatal to the whole conspiracy. I well recall the Archbishop's appearance in the witness-box at the Commission, his watchful, very Irish face, and shrewd and important evidence. Essentially he was a moderator, but of the kind that keeps close up to the front rank of a movement, and therefore, in speaking for caution, is able to carry more than a detachable right of its army.

THE appointment to the Lord Chief Justiceship has come at a moment when the Prime Minister has given

the nation something else to think about; but both the Bar and the instructed public regard it as a great perversion of patronage. Mr. Justice Lawrence has the kind of narrow lawyer's reputation which a fair puisne judge is supposed to carry on to the bench with him. And he has no more. He is seventy-eight; the Lord Chief Justiceship has been repeatedly vacant during his judgeship, and he has never been mentioned for it, nor would one have dreamed of coupling his name with such predecessors as Cockburn, Coleridge, Russell, Alverstone, or Reading. What does that mean? If Lord Sterndale had been appointed, it could not have been said that Sir Gordon Hewart's claim had been passed over for one of markedly slighter qualification. But now this has happened; and the Bar and the public have a right to say that their need of the best Lord Chief Justice available has been bartered against the Government's political convenience. I cannot recall one former Prime Minister of whom such a thing could be said. Jobbery there has been, and a good deal of second-rate political stuff has been foisted on to the Bench. But the Chief Justiceship at least has never been so handled as in this appointment.

I UNDERSTAND that in future Mr. Gardiner's well-known weekly article will appear in the "Sunday Express."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

"COMING THROUGH THE VEIL."

LONG ago the most severe of poets sought to prove, and resolutely believed, that death brings no evil, but is the very end. Death, he said, is nothing; it does not concern us in the least. The nature of the soul is to die, and what may happen after death is no more to us than were the wars and tumults which troubled the world before we were born. Even if the matter of which we are made up could be put together again and endowed with life, that would not make any difference to ourselves, since the chain of self-consciousness and memory would have been snapped asunder. After death we shall not miss the joys and comforts of life, for there will be nothing left to desire them. The dead crave no pleasure, but are free from fear and pain. Death concerns us less than the oblivion of sleep, if indeed there can be less than nothing. Such a truth is not appalling, nor brings with it any gloom; only a state more untroubled than the deepest sleep. So when an ageing man utters his lamentation at the approach to death, reason should cry to him (in the words of Mr. Robert Trevelyan's translation of lines from the Third Book of Lucretius):—

"Hence with thy tears, buffoon. Cease thy complaints.
After thou hast enjoyed all life's best gifts
Thou now decayest. But because thou hast yearned
Always for what was absent, and despised
That which was present, life has glided from thee
Incomplete and unprofitable. So now
Ere thou didst look for it, at thy pillow Death
Has taken his stand, before thou canst depart
Satisfied with existence and replete.
But now resign all vanities that so ill
Befit thine age: come then, with a good grace
Rise and make room for others; for thou must."

It is here, the stern poet proceeds—it is here on earth that we suffer the torments with which we frighten

ourselves in imaginations of death; here we apprehend ill fortune and the wrath of gods, as though some huge rock were ready to fall upon us; here bitter cares and anguish of mind devour us like vultures, even in the arms of love; here we fail to win elections and are repeatedly thwarted in ambition, as though we pushed a stone up hill and felt it always rolling back; here we live in perpetual dread of prisons and tortures for our misdeeds, to say nothing of the whips and goads of conscience; for where he is, the life of a fool is hell. It is useless to worry about length of life, for, live as long as we may, we cannot reduce the duration of death, since that dreamless sleep is eternal.

The Roman held the same conception of life and death as the Persian poet living some thousand years later:—

"When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

"A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!"

"I am not, and care not," the English philosopher ordered to be inscribed upon his tomb—perhaps illogically, for the non-existent cannot say that it does not care. But multitudes of still living people—perhaps the majority of mankind—look forward to the non-existence of Nirvana as the consummation of spiritual bliss. It may be reached only at innumerable removes, the spirit working out its Karma of purification by ages of passage through the forms of men and women, cats and mice, and various other animals, until it is fitted to pass into the perfect unconsciousness of the Eternal, as the space inside an empty bowl passes into unlimited space when the bowl is broken. The ultimate conception is the same as the Roman poet's or the Persian's; only a varied number of intermediate steps are inserted before the beatific vision of extinction or impersonal absorption in the Eternity of Nothingness can be gained. Of one perplexity this conception appears to set us free, for it is rather bewildering to the human mind to imagine that the myriads upon myriads of spirits which have taken man's form since he fell from his purely animal estate are still living on for ever and ever, with personality unbroken. But that the chain of self-consciousness and memory is snapped at each death and re-incarnation appears not to concern the pilgrims to Nirvana, which at the last remove will silently engulf them all as one.

Yet, side by side with this passion for extinction or acquiescence in its certainty, there has arisen among many races of mankind a longing for personal existence after death, and a religious belief in its possibility. To vital and happy people, full of the love of living, it has seemed incredible that their active and joyful spirit should suddenly end and be no more at all. "Rather Hell than extinction!" they have energetically cried, and it is harder for them to imagine an end than it is for others to imagine a continuance. Again, there are many who have suffered such lasting pain or misery or wrong in this life that they look to a life beyond death for compensation, considering that the talk of Divine justice would else be mockery, and hoping for some more tangible and enjoyable reward than the doing of nothing for ever and ever, restful though that in itself might be. Perhaps even stronger than the inconceivability of personal extinction or the desire for personal reward has been—at all events in modern times and among advanced races—the passionate desire of reunion with those who were loved and have been the first to die. That they

have already ended has become a thought more cruel than that the survivor himself should some day end. So comes the protest against the despairing cry of Lear:—

“No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou’lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!”

It is a passionate protest, we suppose, that has led to the recent increase in the study and practice of “Spiritualism” in this and other European countries, as well as in the United States. For uncounted men have died suddenly—eight million is a rough and cautious estimate; and those men were not elderly buffoons such as the Roman poet mocked for their hankering after life, but young creatures rejoicing in their strength, and having the best of their activities still to exercise. No wonder that those who loved them have often not been able to conceive their death as final. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said in the first of his lectures upon Spiritualism in the Queen’s Hall this week, the endeavor to peer into the world “beyond” is most natural, and likely to be most productive, while the human mind is still “malleable” after the tragedy of the war. Whether the malleable mind, softened almost to liquefaction by yearning and desire, is also the most fitting instrument for adjudging evidence is another question, but Conan Doyle’s own sincerity and devoted belief seemed in themselves enough to bend or warp minds even less malleable than the minds of his believing audience.

For, with unshaken confidence, he told of many “phenomena” which, to the uninitiated, must appear miraculous indeed. The medieval Alchemists, he said, appear to have possessed some insight into these mysteries, and he read a passage from one describing the “First Matter” almost in the very terms used by Conan Doyle himself in describing the “Ectoplasm” which he had seen and handled (in one case only a fortnight ago)—a putty-like stuff, “a white and stringy substance which writhed like a worm,” not animal but having life, emanating, at first in the form of luminous vapor, from powerful mediums such as “Eva” (the case of a fortnight ago) and being reabsorbed into the medium’s body. At least 250 photos, we were told, have been taken of this substance in various forms, and it was encouraging to hear that nearly every one of us can exude it to a certain extent, though apparently seldom with stringy and putty-like consistency. This, or some similar essence, may take the face and form and voice of one who has “passed over” and is now summoned to “come through.” On one well-authenticated occasion, the phantom of a father thus appeared and cried “Espoir!” (very encouraging again!); and, as we all know, Sir William Crookes was photographed with a very visible phantom beside him. We have seen the actual photo, but for the moment have forgotten whether the phantom was his departed wife or that delicious Katie King, an exquisite spirit, for whose intimate acquaintanceship Anatole France so deeply envied the famous physicist.

But, leaving the Alchemists aside, Conan Doyle fixed the beginning of modern Spiritualism at the rappings of the Fox girls of Hydeville in 1848 (we had foolishly supposed that the exposure of these “cunning hussies” was complete and final; see Edward Clodd, “The Question,” page 84), and so he rapidly traced the marvellous development of the “phenomena” up to his own most recent experiences; as when, in his own nursery, a beautiful voice, high above the family, joined in singing “Onward, Christian soldiers,” or when he held numerous conversations with his son, so sadly lost in the war. Thus, as he told us, the dark curtain of death—death as regarded by Lucretius, for instance—

is turned into “a rosy mist,” and the resulting comfort is of high value, especially to soldiers in battle. At the first lecture, further testimony was added by Mr. Vale Owen, so well known for his weekly visions of a future life—a kind of life which we might regard as a “Fools’ Paradise,” were it not attested by a clergyman of the Established Church, and published for many Sundays in one of Lord Northcliffe’s papers. Scepticism, indeed, upon Spiritualist truths is debarred. Sir Arthur told us it was “colossal impertinence.” He who doubted was “not a sceptic, but an ignorant man.” “Only the ignorant man or the moral coward” could possibly doubt at this time of light. We should be unwilling to be thought moral cowards, nor do we understand the charge; for belief in Spiritualism appears to require no unusual courage, and scores of children in the United States count the Planchette, such as, we believe, reveals eternity to Mr. Vale Owen, among their most amusing toys. But ignorance is a difficult charge to answer. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle told us he had studied the subject for thirty-five years (interrupted, of course, by visits to the seat of wars, the writing of novels and detective stories, travel, and the manly games at which this genial and versatile personality is an expert). And we can well imagine that, even excluding all those distractions, the study of quite thirty-five years might be required before we could attain complete security of belief such as Sir Arthur has so happily reached.

THE S.P.E.

WITH its fourth tract (*The Pronunciation of English Words derived from the Latin*. S.P.E. Tract No. IV. Oxford Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d. net) the Society for Pure English seems, in these days of brief literary lives, to have become an institution. I begin to feel that these little books, full of charming admonitions and horrid warnings, will never cease their patient visitations until I am *emeritus*, and have hung the wooden pen upon my walls. Their sedate habiliments of buff, their decorous typography, the discretion of their approach, their soft tapping at the door of the literary conscience, remind me of some early Quaker gently admonishing a brother for backsliding. Certainly “Brother” is the address they use; and the matter of Mr. Sargeant’s tract has recalled to my own mind a vivid and tremendous vision of my schooldays. The school where I learned my declensions was reverend and glorious; and the masters who taught them were reverend and glorious too. One of these heroic figures had a heroic temper; his wrath was as the wrath of Achilles, and like Achilles he would sulk within his tent. But the doors of his tent were open, for the partition which divided the terrors of his classroom from the calm of ours was of glass. Through this we would watch the miserable boy, who had (in Greek) made a masculine crocodile lay eggs, tremble before the thundered indignation of the clerical Achilles, whose voice would reverberate through the dim grammar school. Our own kindly usher—Achilles was kindly too, as we were to discover; but that is another story—would take off his benevolent spectacles, blush red as a child, and march with quick little steps up and down, murmuring “Terrible, terrible,” and quivering with restrained remonstrances. Our lesson stopped dead, while the great passionate voice roared on. A superstitious dread fell upon us, while we peered silently into the other room, waiting for the inevitable apparition of Jove himself. Truly, I believe our hearts stopped beating when we saw Achilles’ door slowly opened. *Incessu patuit deus.*

Achilles' voice dropped into silence like a stone. Our usher's marching suddenly ceased, and he stared blushing at the ground. And then we heard the still, small voice of Jove: "*Brother C—; Brother C—.*" The door shut as delicately as it had opened.

That was all. I must have watched the fearful epiphany a dozen times. Jove was a black-visaged man, but very small. Yet I have never heard him say to Achilles, whom memory makes a giant, more than the one phrase, "*Brother C—,*" twice repeated. Nor was there a hint of the *Quos ego* in his reticence; he knew the nature as he knew the periods of Achilles' wrath; therefore he knew it was enough to tap lightly at the door of his conscience.

Such is the appearance—neat, decorous, small, discreet—and such the effect of an S.P.E. tract upon me. "*Brother M—*" comes the voice; and I look into my soul for my sins. Do I pronounce *metal* the same as *mettle*? Heavens above, I can detect no difference: *Mettle . . . mettle . . . met-tall . . . met-tal?* Then, with a deep-drawn breath, I see that I am not damned for that. "A careful English speaker"—what would I not give to be that man?—writes that he finds he does not "*naturally* distinguish *metal* and *mettle* in pronunciation." Blessings upon him! I admire him. I will follow the simple courage of his resolution, with its almost human caution. "So I intend in future to pronounce *metal* as *metel* (when I don't forget)." And so, by the grace of God, do I—if only I knew what *metel* sounded like. I will find out, I will find out.

But "the careful English speaker" is bound to wring my withers soon. "When I hear *principal* pronounced as *principle* it gives me a squirm, though I am afraid nearly everybody does it now." To be one of the indistinguishable mass—what a prick to my vanity! *Principle . . . Principal . . . pul . . . pal . . .* Was it a dream? Or did I really hear some infinitesimal nuance that redeems me from the vulgar herd? Or was it only the deceitful echo of my exceeding desire? For this is a crucial case. The thought that I should have lived to make "the careful English speaker" squirm is gall and vitriol to me. Perhaps my nuance of a nuance will save me; when he hears me speak, when I walk along the chalk line saying clearly, seven times in succession: "The principal thing is that our pronunciation should be based on principle," I shall not make him squirm, nor even wince, but merely raise an eyebrow.

If my gentle remonstrant in buff (or is it snuff?) humiliates me sometimes, at others he exalts my self-esteem. I feel immeasurably superior to those of my fellow-journalists who risk the word "protagonist," and use it wrong. Indeed, I was feeling fairly comfortable in my mind about *protagonist*, and my eye was modestly skimming a page-full of illegitimate usages culled from the writings of my less fortunate colleagues, when suddenly I saw. . . It was a singular piece of good fortune; perhaps not entirely deserved. I am not naturally conceited, and when an S.P.E. tract and I have been reasoning together a little while, I am more than ordinarily humble. It was not therefore any high-mindedness that led me at first to skip the "legitimate uses" of *protagonist* and pass to the study of the "absurd uses." I was, half-consciously, anxious to be reassured. To be honest, I was reassured. My confidence came back to me; for I must admit that, even though I had begun with a quiet consciousness of my ability to wield the word *protagonist*, I had been a little shaken by the manner of the demure gentleman in buff. So confident indeed had I become that I could join in the

scholarly chuckle at the vainglorious and foolhardy man—was ever a purer case of hubris?—who wrote: "The protagonists in the drama, which has the motion and the structure of a Greek tragedy. . ." In fact, I was feeling at my ease, perhaps even a little hybristical myself. I turned back to the "legitimate uses" without a tremor of misgiving. At a glance I saw that there were only two examples—rare, rare is the journalist who knows this gambit! This is, indeed, the shibboleth of shibboleths, thought I. And then—

It dawned upon me slowly, as slowly as it will dawn upon me when I read my own name in capitals at the top of the Honors List, created Baron for my services to literature. Not quicker than this, and with no smaller thrill of proud astonishment, did it dawn upon me that I—yes, I—was the author of the first passage—*inter pares*, perhaps, but indisputably *primus*—in which the protagonist trick was correctly performed! There I was elevated to the bench, sitting next to, conversing quietly with, the careful speaker of English. I cannot quote the sentence: readers of my collected works will recognize it, and me. This article would then become conceited. But there it is, enthroned on the top of p. 41. It is really worth while to spend a half-crown on Tract No. IV. for that alone; for it is a singularly pretty piece of work. I have myself spent several hours admiring it.

And if this alone should seem an insufficient reward for a half-crown, consider these further arguments. There is another sentence unclaimed. It may be *yours*, dear reader. Of course, you will only be *proxime accessit*—not *primus* perhaps but indisputably *par*. On the other hand, there are the risks: fourteen "absurd uses." You may draw one of them. Still, you can keep it to yourself, and you will have learnt your lesson. Secondly, consider that, even though you receive neither apotheosis nor excommunication in this matter of protagonist, half an hour in the confessional with the little man in buff, or snuff, (who sends mixed ecclesiastical metaphors rioting through my head), will have a tonic effect upon your literary conscience. If it slumbers, he will awake it; if it is drowsy, he will make it alert; if it is awake, he will kindle it into activity. I am, I admit, not an ordinary case—*non cuius homini contingit*—he has made me bold, not to say thrasonical. I am become a hot-gospeller, a crusader. Dr. Henry Bradley is lukewarm and timid compared to me. He points out that we have now no proper word for a member of the healing profession. Doctor, you say? Doctor should be the privileged title of those who have taken their doctor's degree. Doctor Johnson would not have tolerated, I am sure, a Bachelor of Medicine who usurped the name. Dr. Bradley reminds us that there is a word, a good word—"leech." But at the thought of trying to revive it his courage fails. "If I were to introduce my medical attendant (he says) to a friend with the words: 'This is my leech,' the gentleman (or lady) so presented would think I was indulging in the same sort of pleasantry as is used when a coachman is called a 'whip'; and he (or she) would probably not consider the joke to be in the best of taste." In my present mood, these politic thoughts are cowardly. I will call my doctor a leech.

But these heights of resolution are not for ordinary men. They must content themselves, when next their leech humiliates them by prodding them familiarly with his stethoscope, with thinking what they might call him if only they had my courage or my good fortune. But on a lower level, they will be vastly benefited by a course of S.P.E. It will give them a feeling of awareness, when they speak and

when they write, which, if they persevere, will develop into a sense of virtuosoship. They will pass far beyond the stage of being instinctively incapable of confusing "feasible" and "possible"; they will be on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to give a good old word a new lease of life, and deal the death-blow to a bad new one. They will be promoted to the proud rank of guardians of the Republic of Speech and Letters. And they can be this, or they can fulfil an essential qualification for being this, by sending 10s. 6d. to the Secretary of the S.P.E., 11, St. Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea. For this they will receive four tracts, whose potency they may judge by the effect that one alone has had on me. Were ever an honor and a stimulus to be more cheaply had?

M.

LAGADIGADEU.

If it should happen to the reader of these lines at any time to be carried blindfold through space and set down in the street of a pleasant little town, and if, at the moment of his alighting and removing his bandage, the people should be scattered, say, by a sudden shower, and he should catch from one of them the exclamation "Lagadigadeu," he may know he is in Provence. Or if he descends near, perhaps, a chair-mender leisurely singing this song at his work in the sun on the pavement:—

"Lagadigadeu!
La Tarasca
Lagadigadeu!
La Tarasca
Di Casteu!
Leissas la passa
La vièio masco!
Leissas la passa
Que vai dansa!"

he may be almost certain that he is in Tarascon. This is the song that is sung there when the Tarasque, the simulacrum of the dragon tamed by St. Martha, is paraded through the streets on her feast day; and when, as Fédéri Mistral says, "the town is illuminated with dances, with cries, with uproar, and with joy." To the accompaniment of this song "the old witch" passes on her way. The song is popularly ascribed to "Good King René," that flowery pre-Raphaelite personage, a kind of happier Richard II., who always seems to me the expression in flesh and blood of everything that one means by "Provence." In "Anne of Geierstein" Sir Walter has drawn him with a master's pencil:—

"René was a prince of very moderate parts, endowed with a love of the fine arts which he carried to extremity, and with a degree of good humor which never permitted him to repine at fortune, but rendered its possessor happy when a prince of keener feelings would have died of despair. This insouciant, light-tempered, gay, and thoughtless disposition conducted René, free from all the passions which embitter life, to a gay and thoughtless old age. . . . Among all his distresses, René feasted and received guests, danced, sang, composed poetry, used the pencil or brush with no small skill, devised and conducted festivals and processions, studied to promote the mirth and good humor of his subjects."

Those were golden days. The world has known since then monarchs of a more ambitious and sinister description. The only thing that is doubtful in this portrait is the "moderate parts." Worldlings—not that Sir Walter was one of them, but he sometimes uncritically fell in with their way of speaking—are apt to disparage happiness. It always seems to them that Good King René or Good King Wenceslas must have been weak in the head. Be that as it may, I for my own part have little doubt that the poem of the Tarasque which has

lived on in the Midi from the fifteenth century is the good and wise King René's own.

Mr. Archibald Marshall's new book, "A Spring Walk in Provence" (Collins, Sons & Co.), set me thinking of Good King René and the Tarasque and Les Saintes Maries, and the félibres and Fédéri Mistral, and took my mind back thirty years. At that time I was a great traveller in these realms of gold with the aid of Provençal newspapers and the books of such writers as Paul Mariéton and Jean Aicard and Paul Arène, while outwardly sitting in a dreary lodging in a bleak and colorless north-country village. In Jean Aicard's book of poems, crowned by the French Academy, there is all the dance and Provençal song and sunburnt mirth; you hear through his verse the throbbing of the Provençal instruments, the galoubet and the tambourine—"le tambourin grave et de bon conseil." I think I was deep in these books from 1888 to 1891. After that I seemed to lose touch with the félibres. The word "félibre," by the way, was taken by Mistral from an old Provençal miracle play where it is used for the doctors with whom Jesus conversed in the Temple. They are called "li set félibres de la lei"—"The seven doctors of the law." When I was, so to speak, *au courant* with the doings of the félibres the movement was a most fervent one in Southern France. Every other year there were great Provençal fêtes and conferences all over the Midi. In 1888 they were held at Orange, at Avignon and at Nîmes; in 1890 all over the South-West, at Agen, at Auch, at Toulouse, at Montauban, at Oloron, at St. Sebastian. I am glad to see from Mr. Marshall's book that "the movement is still very much alive."

What the félibres were in revolt against was the absorbent and assimilating force of Paris, in one word "centralization." Unity, they argued, need not imply uniformity. They were willing, nay, glad, to remain politically French; France was "la grande Patrie," but Provence was "la petite Patrie," and it was this "little country" that they loved. The people of Southern France, of Provence and Aquitaine, feel themselves one race with the Catalans. Catalan, that very Frenchified Spanish, greatly resembles Provençal. "Language in its way is a religion" was a saying of Renan, himself a Méridional. "Provençal is not the French language," said Jules Simon, "but it is a French language." It is spoken, or at any rate understood, by some twelve millions of people. The people of Marseilles at one time spoke three languages; they now limit themselves to two, French and Provençal. An Italian enthusiast, Alberto Rovere, published a book in 1889 in which he urged the adoption of Provençal as a universal language, and the establishment of Monaco as the capital of the United States of Europe.

The Provençal language had been in abeyance and neglect, the Provençal literature had been obscured, for five centuries. Its downfall dated from the angry Albigensian wars. It was lifted from a subterranean sort of existence to the light and air as a great poetic tongue by the genius of Mistral. He excavated it from the Provençal past. He dug for it as for generations they have dug for the treasure guarded by the "Cabro d'oro"—the "Chèvre d'or"—buried in the soil of Provence by the Saracens. Mistral did for Provençal what Dante did for the Tuscan volgare, and Mireille, the heroine of his poem, was for Provençal what Beatrice was for Tuscan. Petrarch lived so long at Vaucluse that it is possibly only owing to the great influence of Dante that he celebrated the praises of Laura in Tuscan, and not in the langue d'oc. I have never had the happiness of seeing a copy of Mistral's Provençal dictionary, "Lou Trésor dou Félibrige," in which all the recovered treasures of

lore and language, all that he dug out from the past or preserved of the life around him, are contained. "Pietas" was the characteristic stamped all over the great personality of Mistral. He preserved Provence, and Provence lived in him. His position among his compatriots was such that he was known as "the Emperor of the South." He took the diligence every Thursday from Maillane, where he lived all his life, to Graveson, and from there the train to Arles. He died at the age of eighty-four, a year or two before the war. What wonderful lives some people have!

Around him were gathered a whole galaxy of poets, Aubanel, Roumanille, Félix Gras, Mariéton, Paul Arène. They suffered from no lack of poetic material. Provence is Roman; history is more continuous and goes back farther there than in the north. The usual French proverb for "the good old times," for instance, is "quand Berthe filait." This goes back no farther than some "Bertha Broadfoot" or the like, some Carolingian or Merovingian queen of the Dark or early Middle Ages. Its equivalent in Provençal is "quand Marthe filait"—"quand Marto fiélavo," when Martha, the sister of Mary and Lazarus, sat spinning tranquilly beside the Rhône. The Rhône, by the way, is the "Rose" in Provençal, so that William Morris's "Valley of the Rose" is actually the country of the troubadours. All Provence of course is full of the legend of Les Saintes Maries. The great pilgrimage day every year is May 25th.

Provence, even to-day, is the country of fêtes. It carries on the tradition of the good King René. Here are some sentences from Paul Arène:—

"Arles and Nîmes, in their amphitheatres built by the Romans, gilded by the sun, set the little bulls of the Camargue to fight; Béziers, bubbling like the vats of its cellars, in honor of the master-sculptor, Injalbert, and his titanic fountain, parades through a whole people dancing *Treilles et Chibalets*, the camel of Ste. Aphrodise; Tarascon brings out her Tarasque; Orange to honor the work of a poet convokes to the grass-grown tiers of her Ciéri, under the incomparable *velum* of the night sky studded with stars, on one evening twenty thousand spectators; Nice resuscitates the carnival; Marseilles, whose gulf is like a blue meadow where the white sails of boats represent the daisies, celebrates the *Jeu de la Targue*; Aubagne beats the tambourine to call Barbentane to the farandole. . . ."

Well, I shall not walk about Provence this spring. I shall not see any of these things. I shall not be sitting at out-door cafés reading the Provençal newspapers whose names are poems—"Lou gay saber," the science of the troubadours, "La Cigalo d'or," the golden cicala ("Cigalier" is an alternative name for "félibre"), "Tron d'er," "thunder of the air," an expletive again, by hearing which the traveller knows he is in Languedoc. I shall not see the Tarasque at Tarascon nor the cardboard horses they lead about the street. I shall not be regaled in any wayside inn with the Provençal dishes, the aïoli, the bouillabaisse, the fougasses. Not for me the escargots—"cacalause" is their Provençal name—which are the especial friandise of the people of Roquevaire. There is a legend (told by Paul Arène) of four inhabitants of this town, who in dry seasons, when no snail shows its horns, collected them by night in this manner. One carried a drum, the second a lantern, the third a watering pot, and the fourth a basket. The roll of the drum simulated the thunder, the sudden flashing of the lantern the lightning, the watering pot sent out a tinkling, glistening shower, the basket received the snails issuing from their holes and hiding-places to drink in the delicious refreshment. This story has given rise to the proverb in common use in Provence when it thunders and lightens: "Voilà le tambour de Roquevaire qui bat le rappel des escargots!" But not for me to hear on

their native soil these contes of the country of good King René. Pecaïre, which is to say, alas! pecaïre and lagadigadeù!

R. L. G.

Letters to the Editor.

MRS. O'CALLAGHAN AND THE PRIME MINISTER.

SIR,—I enclose herewith copy of a letter which I have addressed to-day to the Prime Minister. Your publication will oblige.—Yours, &c.,

K. O'CALLAGHAN.

RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE,
Prime Minister,
House of Commons,
Westminster,
London.

SIR,—You stated, in the English House of Commons, on Thursday, April 7th, that it was your impression, from inquiries you yourself had made, that the Mayor of Limerick, George Clancy, and the ex-Mayor, Michael O'Callaghan, my husband, were murdered because they were regarded as too moderate, and because they had declined to carry out the orders of the Irish Republican Army.

Your impression is based on lying statements. Whatever the heads of your military organization in Limerick told you, they know as well as I do the men who murdered my husband. Your "impression" is a very convenient one for the people, openly or covertly in your pay in Limerick and elsewhere, whose hands are red with Irish blood. What "impression" have you formed as to the murder of Joseph O'Donoghue? He was an active member of the Irish Republican Army, was murdered on the same night as my husband by the same gang, and now lies near my husband and George Clancy in the Republican Plot in the City Graveyard.

You stated also that an impartial public military inquiry had been already held into the Limerick murders, and that these courts are carefully chosen. Limerick citizens know, and I have already told even the English people through the Press, how "public" and "impartial" it was. In answer to your offer to reassemble the military court of inquiry, I tell you once and for all, in my own name and in the name of others wronged as I am, that our claim for justice will never be satisfied by any court of inquiry where the guilty are on the bench instead of in the dock. Irish people have learned a bitter lesson from the inquiries into the Charleville and Rathfarnham murders, and from the notorious cases of the Mallow Inquiry and the Strickland Report. Characteristically you shirked answering the straight questions I put in my letter of March 30th. I expected that, but I did not expect that you would continue to defame the dead by the assertion that they were murdered by the Irish Republican Army. You go even farther: you insinuate that I, the widow of the first Republican Mayor of Limerick, live even now under the terror of the Irish Republican Army, and so cannot speak the truth. My only difficulty in making the facts known arises from your military censorship on the truth of what is happening in Ireland.—Yours truly,

K. O'CALLAGHAN.

St. Margaret's, Limerick. April 11th, 1921.

THE MALLOW INQUIRY.

SIR,—May I call attention to the remarkable answer given by Mr. Henry in the House of Commons on Thursday, April 7th, on the subject of the Mallow Inquiry? Captain Wedgwood Benn asked "whether cross-examination of witnesses was permitted; whether speeches by counsel were permitted; whether the Press reports were required to be supervised in any way by the Court?" Mr. Henry answered that the "President of the Court allowed counsel for the railwaymen to examine and cross-examine. He did not make a speech at the conclusion, because such a speech was not deemed necessary by the Court. Press reports were super-

vised by the Court because a state of rebellion exists in that part of Ireland, and the Court must consider the interests and lives of witnesses and the officers of the Court."

This answer is grossly misleading. If your readers will turn to the "Cork Examiner" of February 22nd they will find the following passage, published after supervision by the Court, describing the opening proceedings:—

"On the sitting of the Court the President read the orders governing the procedure at the inquiry. *Nothing in the nature of cross-examination would be permitted, and no speeches would be allowed*, and he would ask the legal representatives to follow these instructions to the best of their ability. He (the President) would read his instructions very liberally, so as to allow the whole facts of the case to come out.

"Mr. Healy said, with regard to the question of cross-examination, he would say nothing for the present, but they should be allowed to put forward their theories and comments on the evidence as presented to them, and also to comment on the absence of certain witnesses."

My wife and I, as well as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy of the "New Statesman," were present in Court, and we can vouch for the accuracy of this report. These rules were enforced in our presence.

The answer about the Press reports is equally misleading. Before the Court opened the Pressmen were summoned into a room (I was one of them), where a member of the Court explained not only that no names were to be given, a very natural instruction, but that no statement by a witness bringing a charge was to be reported until rebutting evidence was given. He stated that this was the invariable practice in military inquiries, and that it was enforced by heavy penalties. Anybody who was present in Court will note that the omissions made in observance of this rule (a rule which obviously has nothing to do with the safety of witnesses) deprive the evidence given by the railwaymen of the most salient points.

It was remarked to me in Mallow at the time that a Court working with this procedure could not hope to ascertain the facts. There are mysterious features of the case that were never elucidated, such as the disappearance of more than one policeman from Mallow. Mr. Healy put the blunt truth about the procedure to the President at the opening. "How can anyone hope to change your mind from any determination you have already reached? If you have made a finding you come here with your minds made up, and how can your minds be changed by the procedure you have been now instructed to follow?" (The Court, it must be remembered, had already conducted a secret inquiry.) The Court, Mr. Henry tells us, did not consider a speech by counsel "necessary." Let me put a question to any ordinary Englishman. In this case a number of railwaymen accuse the armed forces of the Crown of shooting them. The case is heard by four officers of those forces. They do not think it necessary for the counsel of the railwaymen to make a speech showing how the evidence, in his judgment, bears out the contention of the railwaymen. Their minds, that is to say, are so completely made up that they refuse to hear what there is to be said on the other side. Let us suppose that the case had been heard, not by four officers of the Crown, but by four officers of Trade Unions; one of them an officer of the N.U.R. If such a Court declared it unnecessary for the counsel for the Crown forces to make a speech, if they then found on all points for the railwaymen, if they did not attempt to give any explanation of one or two very difficult points in the story of the railwaymen, would Englishmen consider that there had been a fair inquiry? These military inquiries are becoming a scandalous farce: anybody who has examined the case of Mallow on the spot knows that this is no exception. Is it not time either to adopt the kind of Court and kind of procedure that we employ in England where we think justice is an important matter, or to dispense with inquiry altogether?—Yours, &c.,

J. L. HAMMOND.

MR. F. E. GREEN'S CANDIDATURE.

SIR,—May I appeal to your readers to support the candidature of Mr. F. E. Green in the coming fight for the Chichester division? Our candidate is a man whose experience and services would be valuable, not only to the Labor Party in the House, but to the country as a whole.

He has studied the land question in all its aspects and is, moreover, possessed of practical knowledge of intensive cultivation.

This being an agricultural constituency, he is peculiarly the type of representative that is wanted. Funds are urgently required. Will sympathizers kindly send contributions to A. Mann, The Hut, Ferring, Sussex (Secretary, Chichester Divisional Labor Party)?—Yours, &c.,

A. MANN.

[We hope that Mr. Green, who is an excellent candidate, will have all available help placed at his disposal.—
ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

LEIGH HUNT'S POEMS.

SIR,—In spite of your recent remarks on the need of an improved edition of Leigh Hunt's poetical works, it cannot be denied that the poet himself always considered the "New Edition, containing many pieces now first collected" (London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. MDCCCXLIX.) as a model for future publications. He says in the preface:—

"When the Author was a boy at school, writing twice the number of verses required by the master, and thinking of nothing but poetry and friendship, he used to look at one of the pocket volumes of Cooke's Edition of Gray, Collins, and others, then in course of publication, and fancy that if ever he could produce anything of that sort, of that shape, he should consider himself as having attained the happiest end of a human being's existence. The form had become dear to him for the contents, and the reputation seemed proved by the cheapness. He has lived to qualify the opinion not a little, as far as others are concerned in what he does; but in respect of his wishes for his mere self, they are precisely the same as they were then, and when Mr. Moxon proposed to him the present volume, he seemed to realize the object of his life, and to require no other prosperity."

—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

36, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.

SIR,—A bibliographical fancy is no guide to an editor, and Leigh Hunt's appetite for Cooke's thimblefuls can surely have no effect on the limits of a definitive issue of his Poems. Before his death, Hunt himself was preparing the large octavo edition which appeared in 1860. Mr. de Ternant would have rebuked him for inconsistency.

No edition of Hunt's Poems extant includes every item of his admired work—by admired, I mean widely recognized. In a recent ATHENÆUM it was pointed out that he only reprinted his Nile Sonnet—that miniature classic—"at the request of a partial friend." His beautiful "Nymphs," despite Shelley's repeated praise, he ruthlessly banned from his collected Poems. Much of his work has lain unexamined in MS. and in magazines. He is inaccessible save in selections which display the prose preference of the selectors rather than the sixty years' poetry of Leigh Hunt. Because he underrated himself, shall we copy? Too much patronizing of this great figure has been done.—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.

April 11th, 1921.

SHAKESPEARE'S METRE.

SIR,—Professor Rudmose-Brown has read my article too hastily. I wrote that "from the Miltonic point of view" the explanation of the hypermetrical syllable is that the syllabic foot is suddenly supplanted by a stress foot. Professor Rudmose-Brown says: "Nothing of the kind," and goes on to expound the well-known theory that the internal hypermetrical syllable was taken over from the French. This is irrelevant. The historical origin of the hypermetrical syllable and its status in the Miltonic prosody are two different things.

Similarly, Professor Rudmose-Brown's rather peremptory statement that "a mixture of syllabic and stress feet" is "a contradiction in terms to the metrist" indicates that the metrist lives in a cloudland of abstraction. Such mixtures are common throughout English poetry: one may

deplore them, as Dr. Bridges does, but to say they are "contradictions in terms" is about as valuable a statement as to declare that the British Constitution is a *non sequitur*.
Yours, &c.,

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Villa Isola Bella, Menton-Garavan, A.M., France.

April 4th, 1921.

SHELLEY AND DANCING.

SIR,—From my friend Mr. Blunden I have received a letter written by Mr. William K. Dickson, Librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, in reply to Major S. Butterworth, who lately sent Mr. Dickson the letter on "Shelley and Dancing" (*THE ATHENÆUM*, February 11th) contributed by myself to your journal. In that letter I suggested that the "Mr. Hutchinson" mentioned in the letter from Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe to Mrs. Balfour might be the "young Scotch advocate" whom Shelley and Harriet had met on the mail as they fled northward to be married, in August, 1811.

Mr. Dickson states:—

"I find in the List of the Faculty of Advocates the name of Gilbert Hutchison, who was admitted to the Faculty in 1790 and died in 1824. There is no Hutchison of that period. Gilbert Hutchison is noted on his admission as 'son of the deceased William Hutchison, surgeon in Dalkeith,' and afterwards as 'author of Hutchison's "Justice of the Peace." He might have been the man who met Shelley in 1811."

This apparent confirmation of what was pure hypothesis when I first advanced it may be of interest to Shelleyans.

Furthermore, I think I should say that my last letter evoked a letter from Mr. Ingpen, wherein he explained that his reason for not including the Sharpe letter, or any reference thereto, in his "Shelley in England" was that he believed Sharpe was referring to Shelley's brother John (born 1806) and that the letter must have been written by Sharpe after Timothy became Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., for Sharpe so refers to the father of the poet in that letter. He further fortified his exclusion of the letter on the grounds of an absence of confirmatory evidence from other sources as to Shelley's proficiency in dancing, pointing out that the only other reference of any sort on the topic is Medwin's statement ("Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley," 1847, Vol. I., pp. 28-29):—

"If Shelley abominated one task more than another it was a dancing lesson. At a Ball in Willis's rooms, where, among other pupils of Sala, I made one, an aunt of mine — asked the dancing master why Bysshe was not present, to which he replied, in his broken English, 'Mon Dieu, madam, what should he do here? Master Shelley will not learn any ting—he is so *gauche*.' In fact, he contrived to abscond as often as possible from the dancing lessons, and when forced to attend, suffered inexpressibly."

Taking up Mr. Ingpen's reasons, in order as given, for his belief that John Shelley was the "son of Sir Timothy Shelley" whom Sharpe wished to introduce into Edinburgh society, it is obvious that the thesis is only tenable if we assign the letter to a much later year than 1811; for Sharpe would scarcely have pressed a six-year-old upon his friend Mrs. Balfour with the recommendation that he "danced quadrilles eternally." Allardyce, editing Sharpe's letters, not only assigned the letter in question to 1811, but believed that it was the poet who was referred to; for at the top of the page on which the letter appears the heading is "Shelley in Edinburgh"; and to this letter Mr. Allardyce adds the foot-note:—

"The guarded language of this letter of introduction is worthy of note. Mr. Sharpe's real opinion of Shelley is elsewhere very forcibly expressed."

This "real opinion" of Sharpe has been unhesitatingly reprinted by Mr. Ingpen as applied to Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Sharpe's mention of "Sir Timothy Shelley" is without doubt the strongest reason for rejection advanced by Mr. Ingpen. Yet I can conceive that perhaps some statement of Shelley's concerning his own position in society as "the son of a man of fortune in Sussex" (this phrase he used to Godwin), or as one whom jealous relatives had tried to confine because of his wealth (this Polidori recorded that Shelley told him), together with some mention of his grandfather's title, led Hutchison or Sharpe to believe that he was the

immediate heir to wealth and a title, instead of being the heir *once removed*.

Finally, Medwin's story of the dancing lessons may only indicate that Shelley disliked the formal instruction in the art provided for him as a boy, or the instructor in charge; and, in any case, the dislike may conceivably have passed away between boyhood and youth.

Some Edinburgh reader of *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* may be able to furnish evidence as to whether the Balfours referred to lived continuously in Heriot Row during Sharpe's lifetime; or, if not, within what years they did reside in that street. This might assist in dating the letter. Stevenson, if I recall the facts correctly, was a grandson of the Reverend Dr. Lewis Balfour, and was actually christened Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson (the "Lewis" being altered later for "Louis"). Of the third home of his youth, at 17, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, R. L. S. wrote most kindly in after years. It would certainly be of interest to learn that the Balfours of Heriot Row, Edinburgh, 1811, were more or less directly connected with Stevenson, whom Jane, Lady Shelley, many years later claimed as her spiritual son, and in that sense the lineal descendant of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Merely as a correction, and not because I consider the topic itself of supreme importance to a proper understanding of Shelley, I submit that Medwin's reference to Shelley's dancing lessons is *not* the only hint we have had (Sharpe's letter excepted) of Shelley's attitude toward the art terpsichorean. In Leigh Hunt's article on Shelley, published in his "Lord Byron, and Some of His Contemporaries," I find an account of how "Shelley was present at a ball, where he was a person of some importance. Numerous village ladies were there, old and young. . . . It was expected that the young squire would take out one of these ladies to dance . . ." and how he amazed the company by selecting, as his partner, an unnamed Magdalen, "handing forth, with an air of consolation and tenderness, the object of all the virtuous scorn of the room!"—Yours, &c.,

WALTER E. PECK.

Exeter College, Oxford.

March 22nd, 1921.

Poetry.

TWO SONNETS IN SPRING.

I.

MEADOWS are spangled now with buttercup,
Pastures with daisies white, and woods with may,
And when on Eastern dews the sun rides up,
The scented hedge-winds with the sunbeams play.
Larks spin to amber haze; and in mid noon
The sower hears across the fallows still
The homely cheating cuckoo call; and soon
Thrushes with evensong the distance fill.
Lambs bleat, bees hum upon the sheltered slope,
And villages appear in cleaner red,
And farmers measure by new fields new hope,
And maids sing blither by the creaming lead.
The very solitudes invite to wooing;
And here the sweetest error needs no ruing.

II.

HERE are the woods, in whose soft echoing trees
The birds sing sweeter; here the rounded hill
Where sunning in the wild flowers merry bees
Pack full their wallet for the fragrant still.
Here, as I lie and down the valley gaze,
Seven spires across the dappled fields peep out,
Chaste with a medley of serener days,
And with their lingering incense girt about.
Like a spirit pensive on the air
Makes poetry spring immortal, so thy love
Exhales a beauty fair as earth is fair,
And yet in element the earth above.
Lips, eyes, and all love's instruments soon perish;
But what thy love is, earth and heaven cherish.

ROY MELDRUM.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

IN the realm of high finance the event of the week has been the announcement by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne, that the old system of selling Treasury Bills by tender is to be restored as from next Thursday. Tendering will be confined to three-months Bills, and to amounts of £50,000 and upwards. But yearling Bills and Bills for smaller amounts will be placed on sale at fixed rates—these rates to be lower than the average tender rate of the preceding week. This step may be welcomed as an attempt to decontrol the money market. Before the war Treasury Bills were very much fewer than commercial bills, and the rates current for the latter were the determining market factor. Now with over £1,000 millions of Treasury Bills outstanding, commercial bills are in a hopeless minority, the more so of late because of the general economic depression and the consequent contraction in the volume of trade. The Treasury Bill rate is the controlling rate, and so long as Treasury Bill rates are fixed the Government in effect controls and fixes market rates. The restoration of the tender system is an attempt to restore the free play in the money market of the law of supply and demand. How the tender system will work under modern circumstances remains to be seen. The Government naturally hope to save money by selling their Bills at rates cheaper than those which they could safely determine at fixed rates, and in this hope they receive encouragement by the fact that the reduction of the Treasury Bill rate from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 per cent. some weeks back has had no effect on the volume of sales. It is, however, suggested in some quarters that the Banks and Discount Houses will form a ring to decide the rate at which tenders shall be made. Obviously the success of the restoration of the tender system depends upon the loyal co-operation of the Banks and Discount Houses with the Treasury. A reduction in the Bank of England's official minimum is confidently expected, as soon as the industrial menace is out of the way.

THE FLOATING DEBT AND ECONOMY.

The national accounts for the first nine days of the new financial year show an increase of over £18 millions in the floating debt. Treasury Bills maturing exceeded sales by £5 millions, and the Government borrowed over £23 millions in the form of Ways and Means Advances from Public Departments. A year ago, in the first ten days of the financial year just closed, the excess of Treasury Bill maturities over sales was so great that the Treasury was driven to borrow well over £50 millions in Ways and Means Advances from the Bank of England, and the inflation thus created was no small factor in causing the raising of the Bank Rate from 6 per cent. to 7 per cent., which followed on April 15th. It is not anticipated that the Treasury will be driven to the Bank for temporary advances to any serious extent this week and next, for Treasury Bill sales are likely to be enlarged by the closely approaching restoration of the tender system. Nevertheless with anti-strike preparations costing the country millions and with receipts from important branches of revenue pretty certain to lag, it becomes more vital than ever that every possible effort, consistent with public efficiency, should be made to curb the rate of ordinary expenditure. In view of this fact the official attitude in the economy debate in the House of Commons on Monday night is profoundly disappointing. Lieutenant-Commander Hilton Young, the new Financial Secretary to the Treasury, who had been looked upon as an apostle of economy, merely produced a red-tape defence of the level of Government expenditure, which followed the fallacious line of omitting "abnormal" expenditure from his calculations, which his predecessors at the Treasury have employed *ad nauseam*. It is not fair to deduce too much from a maiden official speech, but one cannot help fearing that the new broom at the

Treasury will fail to sweep clean. Let us hope that Sir Robert Horne will, when he is free to devote his undivided attention to finance, prove himself to be made of sterner stuff.

OVERSEAS TRADE IN THE MARCH QUARTER.

Taking the March quarter as a whole, imports of merchandise exceeded total exports by only £53 millions, as compared with an excess of £160 millions in the first quarter of 1920. This very substantial improvement in the trade balance is of great financial importance, but it is the only cheerful feature of the trade figures. March exports were £3 millions, and exports £3 millions less than in February—not a greater decline, perhaps, than was to be expected under the circumstances. Compared with the first quarter of 1920, imports in the first three months were down by £222 millions, British exports down by £67 millions, and re-exports of Colonial and foreign produce down by £48 millions. In judging value figures, it must not be forgotten that price falls have produced a considerable effect, though their full influence is not yet felt, since, owing to the fulfilment of old contracts, price changes take a long time to reflect themselves fully in the trade figures. On the import figures the slump in the prices of cotton, coffee, sugar, wool, iron ore, rubber, &c., leaves an important mark. But, after allowing generously for price changes, there is abundant evidence of the severe shrinkage in the volume of trade. Coal exports in the past quarter were less than one-third in quantity of similar exports in the corresponding period of 1920. The most encouraging individual item in the export list is machinery, especially textile machinery, of which the shipments maintain a high level.

MARKETS AND THE INDUSTRIAL CRISIS.

Among the foreign exchanges the feature has been the strong improvement in the value of the Italian lira, which rose to 84 after being at 105 some weeks back. The Stock markets have remained unperturbed but inactive. Gilt-edged stocks are well supported, and industrials do not crumble, as might have been expected. A remarkable feature has been the steadiness of Home Rails, which actually recorded an all-round rise at one of the blackest moments of the crisis. The reason attributed in the market for this movement, which, to the uninitiated, must seem incongruous, is that the railways are for the most part very much over-staffed, and it was thought that, if a Triple Alliance strike took place, it might lead the way to staff reduction and consequent saving. The danger of this argument seemed to escape the market's observation. But dangerous and unsound it obviously is, for it presupposes dismissal and "victimization" in the event of a strike. The disposition of investment money to run into high-class securities is very conspicuous just now, and, in view of all the circumstances, most salutary and commendable. But, for those who have a comfortable margin of income, there is something to be said for the contention, urged by a prominent broker to me this week, that now is the time to pick up bargains in industrial shares. Of course, the risks connected with most classes of industrial shares at the moment are plain for all to see. But for those who can afford risks of the kind, a careful study of good industrial shares would not be out of place at the moment. Attention, for instance, might reasonably be paid to the merits of the new shares of W. T. Henley's Telegraph Works. These were issued in January at 24 shillings per £1 share, and are now quoted at about 26 shillings. These shares appear, on a full scrutiny of the assets, to be undervalued. They should appreciate in price, and the Company's prospects are good.

Against short-term note issues in general I have on occasion warned my readers. Such warnings do not apply to the 8 per cent. notes offered at 97 by the Central Electric Supply Company. These are exceptionally well-secured, and are an attractive holding.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4746.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1921.



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The World of Books.

MR. BERTRAM LLOYD has compiled a chronological anthology of poems "about animals, designed to show the steady growth of man's humanitarian feeling," and he has called it "The Great Kinship." Why humanitarian? The word condemns the co-religionists of Francis, Eustace, Columba, Anselm, and Bernard to wandering in the wilderness. He who of set purpose styles himself a "humanitarian" deserves all he gets. What on earth is wrong with words like "humane" and "humanity" that they should be elbowed out by this monster of a sectarian term? It seems that all the great visionary movements of man, the dynamos of his evolution, are fated to be uglified by the graceless, the uncouth, the weak-minded name, and this, the greatest and latest of them all, what Darwin called "one of the noblest virtues with which man is endowed," because its projection of imaginative sympathy is literally boundless, embracing all sentience, is certainly no exception.

MR. LLOYD, who brings learning, grace, and fastidiousness to his very ticklish job, is right to lean upon the historical method. Natural humanity was not invented by Darwin any more than was evolution. But Darwinism proved that what great and sensitive men had intuitively felt to be right and true, however scorned or ignored by their fellows, was endorsed by the structure of the universe. To recognize "a peculiar virtue and operation," as Raleigh called it, in the separate phenomena of the universe, and beyond them a total and embracing virtue and operation common to and infinitely greater than them all, as Nature herself so recognizes her evolving species, is not poetry, but Darwinism. It is the necessary translation into a spiritual tongue of the indivisibility of creation, what Professor Gamble calls "the fundamental, psychical uniformity of living things," and all the later humanities logically evolve from it. Humane poetry really begins with the evening of the eighteenth century, when the doctrine of evolution also began to perturb men's minds as Cowper's hare frisked "when a storm drew near." The Middle Ages, as Mr. Lloyd points out, were hostile to such an idea; the passionate insurgence of the Renaissance fostered a virile brutality, and pieces from Marvell and Vaughan (whom Mr. Lloyd does not include) were, if we except fragments of Chaucer and Shakespeare, the greatest (as the "Ancient

Mariner" is the loveliest) poem of a full-flooded humanity yet written:—

"The bleat, the bark, bellow and roar
Are waves that beat on Heaven's shore."

That is a revolution accomplished.

THE difficulty is where to draw the line. Mr. Lloyd groups the poems into three divisions, those of ethical justice, of a "general sentiment of universal kinship," and of a "humanitarian" atmosphere. The second should include Shelley, Thompson's "The Mistress of Vision," "The Song of Honor," and others of their Darwinian company, as Mr. Lloyd does not, and if he inserts Shelley's "Skylark" into the third, there is no just cause or impediment for rejecting a regiment of similar nature poems. And though Mr. Lloyd is justified in excluding Keats ("Isabella," &c.), Browning ("Asolando"), on the principle of not printing extracts from poems, where is Mr. Davies, where Bryant's noble water-fowl poem, and where is John Clare, who has written more humane poems of the tenderest, most delicate feeling than all the other poets put together? Keats wrote in one of his letters that he entered into the life of the sparrow picking from the gravel, but that is John Clare.

HOWEVER, Mr. Lloyd had a tough job, and it is churlish to fall foul of so (on the whole) workman-like a result. What then—and omitting Marvell, Burns, Blake, Cowper, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley—are the best whole, modern poems of this wider humanity in the book? They are Whitman's magnificent "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," Mr. Scawen Blunt's profoundly moving "The Toad," Mr. Hardy's "The Blinded Bird," Davidson's "A Runnable Stag," a fierce mockery of "The Hunter home from the Hill" sentiment, Mr. Hodgson's "Stupidity Street" and "The Bells of Heaven" ("To Deck a Woman," in passages his finest work, is not printed in book form), Mr. James Stephens's "The Snare," and, in foreign poetry, Carducci's "To the Ox," a sonnet of grave, statuesque beauty, and Francis Jammes's "Prayer to Go to Paradise with the Asses," whose mystical sweetness almost, but for its naïveté, recaptures the magic of such ancient poems as "All Under the Leaves of Life." One of the most disciplined in the handling of an extreme simplicity, transforming the suffering of poet and subject into a unique beauty, is Mr. Stephens's poem on a rabbit in a snare. This is the latter half of it:—

"Making everything afraid,
Wrinkling up his little face,
As he cries again for aid;
And I cannot find the place.
And I cannot find the place
Where his paw is in the snare.
Little one! Oh, little one!
I am searching everywhere."

A GREAT deal of rubbish is talked nowadays to the effect that the poet must have nothing but pure literature, as the militarist nothing but pure war, and the business man nothing but pure profits. Mr. Lloyd's collection unfolds a truer and more generous conception.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

COMFORT.

HE had called her a *liebes Kind*, the doctor in the Rathaus, where they had sent her to gather statistics, and had patted her hand, mechanically—for it was after twelve, and there were seven others waiting for an interview—but kindly, in the liberal Austrian fashion, just as he had done to all the other importunates in the stuffy room. Instantly she had been transformed into a pigtailed, freckled little girl with scratched knees, who was always getting into trouble and generally forgiven; she wanted to say, "Yes, I will try, I will really," and be told to run away, dear, and do next time have a little more sense! It gave her a feeling that was both sweet and slightly ridiculous; for dowdy, faded, spectacled, she had long ago reached the age when bad men are rude to women and good ones rise without alacrity in trains to offer a seat. . . . *Liebes Kind!*

A gracious, hand-patting, hand-kissing people, the Viennese, with their plaintive, caressing voices, and their air of really liking one, really meaning to be kind. Beautiful manners, yes! and beautiful natures, too. Who else could so shame their conquerors with the sweetness of their gratitude, or bear their intolerable sufferings with so much gaiety and grace? Perhaps they were not particularly scrupulous; certainly they took your things if you were silly enough to leave them lying about; and you could not be in Austria for two minutes without hearing the words *Schleichhandel* and *Spekulation*. They might lack those dreary, if essential qualities on which hard-faced people prided themselves—integrity, sobriety, sincerity, and the like—but they had all the qualities that fit a human being for heaven, and they were boundlessly kind!

It was of kindness that she liked especially to think when she got into bed at night. For the worst of being old was that there was nothing to look forward to, no happy thoughts to lull you to sleep. She had had to pack up her dreams, long ago, with her light evening dresses, knowing that she would never want them again. And when she lay awake too long, all the horror and misery of the world came crowding about her pillow. . . . This was more particularly frequent in Vienna from the misery with which she was daily brought into contact, and the draughtiness—incongruous in a nation so wedded to stuffiness—of the Austrian beds. No matter how she piled the padded duvets, everything was too narrow and too short, and there was always some important and sensitive fraction of her left out. There was comfort, of course, of a low but satisfying kind in the hot-water bottle that she clasped at night, in coffee and tea, and in the novel which she permitted herself to read on Sunday. But there was most in memories that she could summon at will, which, though they were only little scraps and odds and ends, could be hoarded carefully and turned over softly just before going to sleep.

There were the birds. It might snow now, for days and days, till it lay thick on the trees, blotted out the grass, and fell in heavy thumps from the roofs on to the heads of the passers-by, and it would not matter, now that she had seen with her own eyes that the little bird restaurants in the parks and gardens were always filled. At first she had hurried guiltily past them, but noticed with surprise that a seedy-looking man was feeding the sleek, grey-headed crows with pieces of black bread. The next day she brought a biscuit in her pocket, and first one, then three, then five small blackbirds, smaller and tamer than any she had seen in England, hopped close to her feet. They opened vivid yellow bills, looked at her with shy, bright eyes—the males, as was fitting, chasing away the brown females with shrill squeaks—and pecked daintily at her rather throat-scraping fare. Another instance of Austrian courtesy, as she discovered, for there was plenty of much nicer and softer food laid out for them on their round, green restaurants. Who put it there? Was it done by order of the Bezirk

Central, or was it due to special acts of private charity? No matter; it was there. Vienna, she knew, was starving; but it could remember the birds.

Perhaps because they were singers. . . . You could always make some kind of a living in Vienna if you knew how to play or sing. Yesterday, waiting at a tram station, she had noticed a disabled soldier sitting on the ground, and after about a dozen people had collected, he suddenly lifted up a fine baritone and burst into song. Instantly every hand flew to its pocket, and a shower of kronen fell into his cap. So it was with the harpist in the Graben; and that was why the naval officer, who had woke up one morning to find his fleet had been given away to Italy, now took to playing the fiddle every night at the *Kaffee Konzert*.

Like the cigale, the Viennese sang all the summer, and then, when winter came, and with it famine, they sang all the same. They sang when they had nothing to eat and nothing to do, and they sang when they had eaten and when they worked. She remembered how the little girls in the Vieh Markt—the vast, empty cattle market, now the store-room for charitable supplies—had been singing folk-songs when she had been to see them packing up the food for the Society of Friends. Dozens of little girls, all in brown overalls and gay cotton caps, scooping Arizona fat out of barrels, shaking cocoa into packets, weighing sugar and rice, "the nicest little girls in the world," as the American mission worker called them—and indeed they were. With their light, fluting, trilling voices, their rapid, dipping movements, they reminded her of a flock of little brown birds.

It was pleasanter to think of these little girls, who, being of Class A, and not suffering from rickets, tuberculosis, or any other of the Viennese complaints, were comparatively hearty and evidently enjoyed their work, rather than of the stunted little creatures she had seen in the hospitals, with arms and legs stiffened in plaster of Paris, or of the white-faced children with black rings round their eyes who came with their mothers to the Hof Berg clothing sales. But it was better to think of these than of the occupants of the houses she had been sent to visit, those decent, denuded, middle-class homes in which elderly ladies on fixed incomes of 6s. a month tried to support themselves by needlework, and failed. She had seen them, sitting in airless, unheated rooms, coughing over embroidery, with their eyes failing, their limbs becoming paralyzed and useless from the bone softening that came from starvation, and that meant severe and continual pain. She did not want to think of these lonely spinsters and widows, nor of the destitution of old age in Vienna, nor of its youth that grows pale and spectre-thin and dies, nor of its tears. The tears of Vienna! How many had she not seen falling, at a touch, at a kind word, tears of weakness, misery, gratitude—all the tears that fell in Vienna in but a single night would surely be enough to drown the world!

She shut her eyes. It was better not to remember. She would think only of the children who were being saved—70,000 and more children in exile, in Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, England, all over the world; for be it hovel or palace, there was no place quite so bad as home. Children who were being saved in Austria, babies at the Pirquet Klinik, daily growing rounder and rosier, and putting on weight; and, best of all, the children she had seen yesterday at the Montessori school, now under the care of the Friends. They had all been tucked up for their afternoon's siesta, fat, jolly little boys and girls—she remembered one blond giant of two with a shock of golden curls and his mouth wide open, fast asleep. These children had never known misery; their little boats were setting forth in fair weather and untroubled seas; when the storms came they could ride them buoyantly, for their timber was seaworthy; they would not be engulfed.

Now that her eyes were shut she saw them clearly, heard them calling out *Gruss Gott!* in their soft chalky little voices, saw them playing ball in the large, whitewashed barracks, with the bright-colored cartoons of Krimpus and Santa Claus on the walls, skipping and darting this way and that, like a flock of merry little birds; whilst amongst them, hopping about from branch

to branch, was a little girl with a pigtail and scratched knees, a *liebes Kind*. . . .

And the clock of the Quire of Nine Angels, which so considerably stopped striking after twelve midnight, till it summoned the workers to labor at six o'clock next day, kept its peace; so that, in the small dark hours of the morning, the stricken heart of Vienna might find comfort in sleep.

OLIVE HESELTINE.

Reviews.

THE MOBLD QUEEN.

Queen Victoria. By LYTTON STRACHEY. Illustrated. (Chatto & Windus. 15s.)

I.

It is impossible to read Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria" without feeling that for our generation at least the Victorian age, for all its nearness of time, has almost completely disappeared from view. To the true Georgian it is not merely remote; it is incredible. Its statesmen are not statesmen, nor its poets poets; and the faces of its men and women seem hardly more real than figures on a sampler, or a drawing-room "set" at Madame Tussaud's. If this is true of the age, it is equally true of the Queen. Within twenty years of her death, the robust and characteristic figure of Victoria has faded to the colorlessness of Anne. Mr. Strachey has, literally, to recreate her; and if the result is a historical study of less than the traditional seriousness, one may blame a little the author's abundant gift of the Comic Spirit, but still more the extraordinary difference between his age and hers. Observing the latter through his Gulliver's glass, Mr. Strachey is unable to keep a straight face. He can only regard it *sub specie absurditatis*. If such people could be conceived as ever existing, it must have been on a floating island, or in a country where horses ruled men.

And if the age in which we live has changed in spiritual texture from that on which Victoria bestowed her simple affections, it is so altered politically that if her ghost could revisit it for an hour, it would shriek and fly away again. Everything is gone. Nominally her grandson's throne is the only great Monarchy left in Europe. In reality, and in Mr. Lloyd George's hands, England has become almost a plebiscitary Republic. It was coming to that before she died, much to her discomfort. For the Queen never possessed more than a tincture even of her moderately progressive times. She was a George III. who knew when to stop, and had fundamental roots of common-sense and good feeling unknown to the two "nasty old men" who preceded her. But in policy there never was a real link between the Queen and the nation. Public opinion in the England of her early reign was pro-Dane and pro-Italian; the Queen was pro-Prussian and pro-Austrian. The nature and balance of the Constitution were laid down in 1688. The Queen cared nothing for the Constitution of 1688. She and the Stockmar-Leopold-Coburg combination wanted the Monarch to preside over the Cabinet Councils and to control foreign affairs, as the Kaiser controlled them in 1914, over the heads both of Parliament and the Foreign Minister. It happened that when the nation was Jingo she was the greatest Jingo in it. But that was a coincidence. The Queen remained a high Tory when England was Liberal; a European Imperialist when it was revolutionary or nationalist. Her people called General Haynau "General Hyæna," and tried to mob him in the streets of London; she bitterly resented the insult to a "distinguished soldier." She supported only those Ministers she liked; and when Prince Albert died, that able "German Prince" stood with her on the steps of an English absolutism. Most of her personal predilections in politics were for the ogres of Liberalism. The slippery Napoleon fascinated her; she was awestruck at the cruel Nicholas and thought him the greatest potentate on earth. At home her favorites were men of the Right or the reaction. She hated Gladstone and cared little for Peel; adored Melbourne and Beaconsfield; refused Bright a Privy Councillorship, and forbade the offer of Cabinet rank to Cobden. She wanted a second war with Russia, and

threatened to abdicate if Disraeli denied it her. She gloried in the Austrian victory at Novara, and spoke of it as if it were a second Waterloo. Europe to her was a few thrones and thronelets, mainly German. In the mid-nineteenth century she would have restored the Duchies of Tuscany and Modena, and banished Victor Emmanuel to Sardinia—or Sardis. She was not merely undemocratic, she hated the very idea of democracy. Ministers were her Ministers, not the people's; to the end of her life she regarded the Army and its officers as the Varangian Guard of the House of Hanover.

II.

Uncle Leopold and Stockmar had fixed the Queen's political ideas for her, and her temperament was naturally and deeply conservative. But it was susceptible. She was a woman, and it fell to her lot to come under the personal sway of three powerful men. The first, Lord Melbourne, a cynic and a charmer, gave to her the last of his romantic emotions and the *débris* of his kind, perverse, and unfruitful intellect. Mr. Strachey describes this early and thrilling episode in the Queen's life in the most delicately painted portrait of his book:—

"Cherished by the favor of a sovereign and warmed by the adoration of a girl, the autumn rose, in those autumn months of 1839, came to a wondrous blooming. The petals expanded, beautifully, for the last time. For the last time in this unlooked-for, this incongruous, this almost incredible intercourse, the old epicure tasted the exquisiteness of romance. To watch, to teach, to restrain, to encourage the royal young creature beside him—that was much; to feel with such a constant intimacy the impact of her quick affection, her radiant vitality—that was more; most of all, perhaps, was it good to linger vaguely in humorous contemplation, in idle apostrophe, to talk disconnectedly, to make a little joke about an apple or a furbelow, to dream. The springs of his sensibility, hidden deep within him, were overflowing. Often, as he bent over her hand and kissed it, he found himself in tears."

The seductive Melbourne did his devastating work. He was delightful, but he was dangerous. He broadened the young Queen's mind, fed her pride, and intoxicated her fancy. But he was too idle, and too much of a Whig, to train her for what would have been her task had not England been England, and its constitution a limited Monarchy. That business was reserved for Albert, the pupil of Stockmar, and an undeniable prig, one of the ablest and best of his kind. Mr. Strachey, in a long, ironical, and admiring portraiture of this remarkable man, laments that the Queen's adoration turned him into a piece of "impeccable waxwork," and thereby made it impossible for the average Englishman to do anything but loathe him. But the real trouble was that Albert was a German, and that he found dancing, fox-hunting, pleasure-mad England at once too dull and too frivolous. So he set to work to govern it and its Queen, and to turn the latter into the model of what he and Stockmar conceived that an All-highest Sovereign ought to be. For a time all went well. The Royal pair, setting to work at adjacent writing-tables, did powerful team-work. Victoria had her queenhood, her affectionate, imitative will, her vital and passionate temperament; Albert, his intellect and his gift for writing memoranda in the German manner. Between them they turned out Palmerston, and secured that the foreign despatches should be submitted to the Queen, and should go out in the form in which she had approved them. But nothing happened. The country merely got angry, and Palmerston soon came back again. In the meantime Russell went on supporting Italy instead of Austria. Albert's wishes for the good of the world and the restraint of the British Constitution were never forgotten, and Palmerston used to say that he found the dead Prince Consort more difficult to deal with than the living one. But the fate of England was to burn Prussianism, not to adore it. When the Prince died of typhoid, complicated with overwork, with some heart-sorrow and disappointment, and a little, maybe, with a visit to Cambridge, where the young Prince of Wales's conduct, says Mr. Strachey, called for a "parental admonition," he left his memory to an unforgetting lover. His policy lay buried in his grave.

III.

There came, indeed, an Indian summer for the Queen, a brief and unreal hour of exhilaration. In the Liberal

* Disraeli.

period she almost disappeared. In such a world there was nothing for her to do but to fight Liberal measures and see them pass into law. Lonely and unpopular, and living in the past, a place was reserved for her in the last of Disraeli's works of imaginative fiction. Mr. Buckle's concluding volume has given a sufficiently frank picture of how the Oriental adventurer found his way to her heart. Flattery was the weapon with which he habitually marched to battle with the sex. He was a charlatan, and the Queen's intelligence, reliable in the simpler matters of the soul, lay open to what Mr. Strachey calls the "roccoco allurements." The last romance was the least beautiful, though Dizzy rose to it as the singer to his swan-song, the artist to the supreme, the intoxicating, draft on his imagination:—

"He realized everything—the interacting complexities of circumstance and character, the pride of place mingled so inextricably with personal arrogance, the superabundant emotionalism, the ingenuitism of outlook, the solid, the laborious respectability, shot through so incongruously by temperamental cravings for the colored and the strange, the singular intellectual limitations, and the mysteriously essential female element impregnating every particle of the whole. A smile hovered over his impassive features, and he dubbed Victoria 'the Faery.'"

The Beaconsfield hallucination did not work well for England. Through her adoring friendships the Queen kept the impress of her primitive self, and when, in the Russian episode, the supple Jew thought to turn her back to prudence and moderation, the flattered woman broke bounds, and outran and defied his counsels. Her Grand Vizier's rollicking fancy figured the dumpy little Queen as a kind of she Haroun-al-Raschid. But it was her native self that finally reconciled her to her people. Albert was beyond them. The Queen could fill the land with his statues and plaster Balmoral with tartans, including the "Balmoral tartan" "designed by the Prince" and the "Victorian tartan, with a white stripe, designed by the Queen." They thought it peculiar. When he died, she erected her pompous Memorial, and they thought it beautiful, but queer. She fought Palmerston, and they made that eminent Copper Captain into a patron saint of England. She deified Beaconsfield, and at the first General Election they threw him out of power. But when her woman's heart, the fresh and spontaneous part of her, carried homespun comfort to the bereaved of the blazing mine and the foundered ship, it opened for her a path to the affections of British folk that only closed with her death.* With one or two exceptions—such as the intervention for American and later on for European peace—Victoria's political career was a blunder. It could never have succeeded; had it done so it would have been a crime. She had no head for politics: the very reverse of Elizabeth, she loved and hated like a woman, not like a ruler of States, with a mind fixed on public expediency. But this was rightly judged to be accidental. She had advisers, and in the end they governed England. But there was still a sense in which she lived for it. In her soul, the Queen did not belong to Leopold, or Stockmar, or the muddled ambitions which tempted her woman's pride, or lured her unsophisticated intelligence. She belonged to a country which was neither of the Court, nor the upper ten, nor even her beloved middle-class; but a breed of men and women as simple as herself, whom she loved and sympathized with, and to whom, in her and their hour of joy or grief, she talked in language they could understand.

It is of this simple humanity of the Queen that, while intellectually aware of it, Mr. Strachey, in his witty judgment of her eccentricities,† fails to take due account. He is a master of color rather than of spiritual analysis; he is a little the slave of his aristocratic humor, and so it happens that through the carefully laid net of his irony, the humble essence of the Queen's nature sometimes escapes

* The Queen had three periods of great unpopularity: the first due to her treatment of Lady Flora Hastings; the second to the country's dislike of Prince Albert; and the third to her prolonged and penurious widowhood.

† This is Mr. Strachey's somewhat disrespectful description of the Queen's relationship with John Brown:—

"She came to believe at last—or so it appeared—that the spirit of Albert was nearer when Brown was near. Often, when seeking inspiration over some complicated question of political or domestic import, she would gaze with deep concentration at her late husband's bust. But it was also noticed that sometimes in such moments of doubt and hesitation her Majesty's looks would fix themselves upon John Brown."

him. Victorianism was absurd; as absurd, maybe, as Mr. Strachey's brilliant summary of the events which, in the memory of the dying Queen, may have seemed most to reflect its homeliness:—

"Perhaps her fading mind called up once more the shadows of the past to float before it, and retraced, for the last time, the vanished visions of that long history—passing back, through the cloud of years, to older and ever older memories—to the spring woods at Osborne, so full of primroses for Lord Beaconsfield—to Palmerston's queer clothes and high demeanor, and Albert's face under the green lamp, and Albert's first stag at Balmoral, and Albert in his blue and silver uniform, and the Baron coming in through a doorway, and Lord M. dreaming at Windsor with the rooks cawing in the elm-trees, and the Archbishop of Canterbury on his knees in the dawn, and the old King's turkey-cock ejaculations, and Uncle Leopold's soft voice at Claremont, and Lehen with the globes, and her mother's feathers sweeping down towards her, and a great, old repeater-watch of her father's in its tortoise-shell case, and a yellow rug, and some friendly flounces of sprigged muslin, and the trees and the grass at Kensington."

Absurd, but human. Not a great deal of the "Faery," but something of the common grain and universal dust.

H. W. M.

THE FAIR HUMANITIES.

Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century. By HENRY OSBORNE TAYLOR. Two vols. (Macmillan. 50s.)

To those of us who greatly enjoyed the reading of Mr. Taylor's two earlier volumes entitled "The Medieval Mind: a History of the Development of Thought and Emotion in the Middle Ages," it is pleasant to find so devoted a lover of men's thoughts and ways, and "of all that appertains thereunto," as the old conveyancers would have said, still in possession of good health, spirits, and leisure in his home on the other side of the Atlantic, and pursuing with unabated affection his task of "interpretation" down the ages.

Mr. Taylor's methods are not those held in great favor in certain critical quarters. Moods change, and the enthusiasms of one generation become almost the aversions of its successor. We notice to-day, for we are susceptible in such matters, a disposition to sneer at Sainte Beuve. We shudder and pass on. Mr. Taylor presents his vast and fluid subject, "an intellectual survey of the sixteenth century," to his readers with an easy grace and a comfortable assurance that they will be glad to read short biographical notices of the poets and philosophers, editors and translators of a great age, and that they will not quarrel with a little bibliography or the titles and dates of publication of the great books that have done so much to make us what we are. Yet it is this very easy grace and comfortable assurance that are bound to prove most annoying to a nascent tribe of critics.

To the new critic, biographical details are "matter out of place" in such a treatise as Mr. Taylor's, and as for his bibliography it might be useful in an appendix. The philosophy of "thought" needs no such clothing, and though "expression" may demand an occasional quotation, by way of illustration, the process employed should be distillation, and not the mere "bottling" of the vintage.

These new critics, to whom possibly a little bit of the future may be allotted, believe in the production, by some patent of their own invention, of a pure effluent of criticism, purged of personalities and impurities of life and action; a thin, but clear stream, rid of *animalcula* and incidental accretions. This stream is *real criticism*, and to drink of it, not too copiously but steadily, would be to become free of the kingdom of letters, and to avoid even the possibility of making those hideous blunders and failures to distinguish between the really great and the essentially small figures in philosophy and letters which have stained the records of the critics of the past.

But all this must surely depend upon the quality of this effluent. If it is likely to contain *all* the elements of the humanities, purged of their impurities, but still all *there*, it would indeed be a precious beverage. But is this likely? After all, the stream must come from *somewhere*, and have been filtered through divers soils and down different channels, encountering on its way dubious drippings, so that when it does emerge and is declared fit for consumption, it

may prove after all but a vinegary compound, "unco' could on the stomach," as Dandie Dinmont once complained.

Mr. Taylor does not seem to be mindful of these new critics, and pursues his own way after his former fashion:—

"My purpose is to give an intellectual survey of the sixteenth century. I would set forth the human susceptibilities and faculties of this alluring time, its taste, opinions, and appreciations, as they expressed themselves in scholarship and literature, in philosophy and science, and in religious reform. Italian painting is presented briefly as the supreme self-expression of the Italians."

Book I. treats of the humanism of Italy—of Petrarch and Boccaccio, of Luigi de Marsiglio and Coluccio Salutato, of the Medici, Ariosto, and Tasso, and of the great Italian painters. Book II. of Erasmus and Luther. Books III. and IV. of France and England. Book V. of philosophy and science. Here are materials indeed to last a lifetime, and we must be content to glance at the first few chapters.

What are the *litteræ humaniores*? How did they come into our modern life? What is the difference between a humanist and a humanitarian? And what between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance?

Mr. Taylor must be allowed to answer for himself:—

"Accordingly the literature of Rome and Greece, the Classics *par excellence*, have been called the humanities—the reading and study of them have been called human studies, and their votaries have been known as humanists. Yet the proper humanist, whether belonging to the sixteenth century or to other times, is such, not only in his pursuits, but in his mind. . . . He will be not merely a reader of the classics, but a man of definite temperament and task. . . . Consequently, his humanism, with its occupations, preoccupations, and achievement, is an expression of himself. And when there are many humanists living, reading, and studying at the same time, delighting in the discussion of their common pursuits, humanism becomes a phase of the time, a phase of its self-expression. Such humanism is not apt to flourish now, because our horizons are too large and we have a different consciousness of a universe in which man is a recent counter and one that may possibly also pass. . . . Natural science, physical science, biological science, all for their own sake, have their innings now, and the man-centred equilibrium of the old humanists is at least tipped, if not upset."

It never occurred to the medievalist that he lived in "a third-rate planet"! The difference between the outlook of those days and ours is indeed enormous. Pater, in his "Studies in the History of the Renaissance," brings this difference out in high relief. Of Pico della Mirandola, Pater writes:—

"For Pico the earth is the centre of the Universe, and around it, as a fixed and motionless point, the sun, and moon, and stars revolve like diligent servants or ministers. And in the midst of all is placed man, *nodus et vinculum mundi*, the bond or copula of the world."—P. 28.

And again, a page later on, Pater says:—

"For Pico the world is a limited space, bounded by its actual crystal walls and a material firmament; it is like a painted toy, like that map or system of the world held as a great target or shield in the hands of the grey-headed Father of all things, in one of the earlier frescoes of the Campo Santo at Pisa. How different from this childish dream is our conception of nature, with its unlimited space, its innumerable suns, and the earth but a mote in the beam—how different the strange, new awe and superstition with which it fills our minds. 'The silence of those infinite spaces,' says Pascal, contemplating a starlight night, 'terrifies me.' '*Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.*'"

From this innocent Pico, who had nevertheless "passed through the principal schools of Italy and France, penetrating, as he thought, into the secrets of all ancient philosophies and many Eastern languages," and dying in Venice in the white hood of a Dominican in 1494, to the melancholy profundities of Pascal—what a stride it is! Mr. Taylor's book, despite its method, enables us to look back upon the winding track.

To turn to a lighter theme, but one full of moment, what tale can be more truly exciting than the rediscovery of the Greek literature and language in the Italy of Petrarch? The finding of the New world was not so full of history as this sudden re-finding of the Old one.

For the story of the search and rescue of manuscripts of the Greek classics, Mr. Taylor refers us in a note to Mr. J. A. Symonds's "Revival of Learning," and to a German author, G. Voigt. We will add to these Sir John Sandys' "History of Classical Scholarship" (Cambridge University Press, 1908). But perhaps nowhere is the story better told than by Bruni in his commentary upon his own

time, and as Bruni was born in 1370, and died in 1444, he lived in the very heart of this great discovery. Mr. Taylor, quoting from Muratori, delights his readers with a long passage from Bruni, of which we can find room for only a single excerpt:—

"There first came a knowledge of Greek, which had not been in use among us for seven hundred years. Chrysoloras, the Byzantine, a man of noble birth and well versed in Greek letters, brought Greek learning to us. When his country was invaded by the Turks, he came by sea first to Venice. The report of him soon spread, and he was cordially invited and promised a public stipend to come to Florence and open his stores of riches to the youth. I was then studying Civil Law, and was torn in mind, deeming it shameful to desert the law, and yet a crime to lose such a chance of studying Greek literature; and often with youthful impulse I would say to myself, 'Now, when it is permitted thee to gaze on Homer, Plato, and Demosthenes, wilt thou desert and rob thyself?' For seven hundred years no one in Italy has possessed Greek letters, and yet we confess that all knowledge is derived from them. . . . I gave myself to Chrysoloras with such zeal that what through the day I gathered I followed after in the night when asleep."—(Vol. I., p. 36.)

Those were indeed the golden days of the book-hunter, though as yet the printing press, with its mechanism of movable types, was unknown. Scribes played the part of compositors, and were kept busily employed in making copies of these precious manuscripts. Petrarch and Boccaccio were great collectors; and so, too, was Traversari, the General of the Order of Camalduli, who, in Mr. Taylor's phrase, "rummaged the monasteries of his Order" in search for manuscripts.

To think of Aurispa, the Sicilian scholar, and his *bonnes fortunes* as a collector, is to tear your hair. When Aurispa came to Venice in 1423 he brought with him 238 manuscripts, including amongst them Sophocles, Euripides, Thucydides, the Homeric Hymns, Pindar, Aristophanes, nearly all Demosthenes, Plato, and Xenophon!

By the side of this Sicilian, how small, vulgar, and totally insignificant appear, despite their large cheques, the "American" buyers of to-day!

Merely to recall the names of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Politian, of Ficino, of Filelfo, is to revel in palaces and to handle the new-born treasures of antiquity; but we are living in sombre days, "on a third-rate planet"; and so must shut Mr. Taylor up for the present and go out of doors to find out the last news about the impending strikes in a country which annually spends on the education of the People more than the total revenues of Athens in the time of Pericles, and of Florence in the days of the Medici.

A. B.

THE PROBLEM OF WELFARE.

The Economics of Welfare. By A. C. PIGOU. (Macmillan. 36s. net.)

DESIGNED originally as a revised edition of a work entitled "Wealth and Welfare," published in 1912, this large and important contribution to economic science rightly claims to be regarded as an independent book. Its main purpose is to trace the relations of the national dividend (the real income of money-measured goods and services) to the aggregate economic welfare (the amount of satisfaction derived from the goods and services), with special reference to influences and movements affecting the distribution of the national dividend between the different classes of the community. Behind this purpose lies the warrantable assumption that total welfare varies directly, though not, of course, proportionately, with economic welfare.

Through this approach Professor Pigou attacks many of the vital economic problems of our time, in particular the various proposals to change the proportionate distribution of the national dividend as between rich and poor by trade-union pressure, by philanthropic or by State action. In considering how far these methods affect injuriously, or otherwise, the size of the national dividend, the aggregate of economic welfare, or both, Professor Pigou applies his logical instruments with marvellous accuracy and skill, and with a complete detachment from most of the former preconceptions and proclivities of the classical economists. In a very notable piece of reasoning he dispels the ordinary *laissez faire* assumptions that economic resources naturally and necessarily dispose

themselves in such ways as to produce the maximum social product. Apart from ordinary friction, due to ignorance or stickiness, he discloses, as the result of close analyses, various disharmonies between individual and social interests, even where ordinary competition is supposed to be operative. He has none of the older prejudice against State regulation, on grounds of principle, and evidently looks forward to the necessity of some price restrictions as the alternative to socialization for a growing class of combinations. Public operation he would apparently confine to a limited number of monopolies, and a few other industries directly associated with public health or morals. On the general wage question he declares strictly for piece-wage scales controlled by collective bargaining, whenever this method is feasible. A remarkable chapter on "Unfair Wages" shows the limits within which legislative action may adjust wages with advantage, not only to the class affected, but to the "economic welfare" in general. Partly arguing from general principles, partly by the application of such recent statistical analyses of income as that presented by Professor Bowley, he does not hold that "unfairness" or "exploitation" extends over any wide field of industry (p. 539). He supports, however, a *prima facie* case for transfers of wealth, by taxation or otherwise, from the rich to the poor, where they can reasonably be held to increase the efficiency of life and labor in the poor, so as to outweigh any diminution in the growth of saving and of capital resources incurred by such a policy. In this, as in other parts of his analysis, he presses the fundamental distinction between three parts of income—that spent on economically useful consumption, that spent on luxuries or unecessaries, and that saved. Indeed, most of his approval of "advanced" proposals turns upon and is limited by the proportion of the funds which are thus diverted from the demand for luxuries. Here he may be said to come again into line with the classical economists, whose hatred of any resources not put to "productive consumption" in the narrow sense was their leading moral asset.

It was to be expected that some of Professor Pigou's most valuable chapters should be given to problems of taxation, sliding scales, railway rates, and monetary issues. For his mathematical instruments, involving as they do for efficient application an infinite divisibility of material, have their finest play in these economic fields. His discussion of war taxation and war loans, with the attendant chapter on "Finance by Bank Credits," may be read with great gain by politicians still floundering in the quagmire of quack remedies for inflation. A short but vigorous argument restates the case in favor of a capital levy, accompanied by a subsidiary levy on earned income, as a proper relief from excessive indebtedness.

Throughout his treatment Professor Pigou gives such high significance to the question of variability in the national dividend, and especially in Labor's share, that it seems natural enough for his final section to be devoted to a thorough investigation of the nature of and remedies for unemployment. It cannot be said that he sheds new light on this obscure subject. For when the two concrete causes which he accepts, viz., harvest fluctuations and inventions, are allowed full expression through psychological movements of confidence and depression, they do not appear at all adequate. Indeed, it is the apparent impossibility either of preventing or of remedying cyclical unemployment that gives so much prominence to the method of trade or State insurance. One of the boldest opinions in this book occurs in the final chapter, where the writer admits that "a powerful plea can be built up for making insurance, like education, free," though he would confine such public provision to "the minimum risk common to all employments."

Within the limits set by his accepted instruments and project Professor Pigou does his work as well as it can possibly be done, and with excellent results. But it is, we think, open to grave question how far the "calculus of the infinitesimal," with its marginal measurements, can be usefully applied over the whole field. For example, in his chapter on "Imperfect Divisibility," in which he admits that "largeness" in productive units is an obstacle to free movement, he touches a difficulty which greatly impairs the whole normal application of "marginalism" to the supply side of industry. For instance, in the industry of cotton spinning

it may be that the minimum unit of supply is a £60,000 spinning mill, or in the railway industry of a country an investment of several millions. In these and other cases the infinite divisibility of the investment market does not affect the truth that these large technical units may introduce a far bigger element of disharmony into the delicate marginal adjustment than Professor Pigou seems to allow for. This consideration has an important bearing upon our whole attitude towards the virtues or defects of the present wage system. For, if we hold with the writer that "the general tendency of economic forces will be to cause the wages offered for each class of workpeople to approximate, in the whole and on the average, to the value of the marginal trade not product of that class," in such wise that "a man will be paid over a year the worth of his work during the year" (p. 424), we shall acquit the capitalist system of exercising any power enabling its representatives to take advantage of the weakness of the workers as a body. It is true that Professor Pigou in another place (p. 506) appears to qualify this statement, but its assumption undoubtedly underlies the general treatment of wages. And it rests ultimately upon the fact that the marginalist method presumes a degree of divisibility not in accordance with the structure of industry. Take the familiar instance of the marginal shepherd in a country where ten-shepherd farms are the most profitable size—i.e., where it would not pay the farmer to employ an eleventh man. There can be no reasonable presumption that he is paid what he is worth—i.e., what by his presence he adds to the yield of a nine-shepherd farm. What he is thus worth is simply the higher limit of an indeterminate payment, the lower being what he could earn by any alternative employment open to him. In most wage bargains this large or small measure of indeterminateness exists, measuring the limits of power of exploitation.

Again, a needless complexity is introduced into some of the finer reasoning of Professor Pigou by his staunch adhesion to a sharp distinction drawn by his predecessors between industries that conform to a law of diminishing returns and others conforming to a law of increasing returns. As Mr. Wicksteed and some others have shown, neither businesses nor industries can be thus contrasted. The businesses in any industry tend towards certain representative sorts and sizes, in accordance with the available resources and the prevalent technology. No such representative business admits of enlargement under these conditions. And this also applies to whole industries regarded under statical conditions. But as productive arts improve and new supplies of economic resources become available, any industry and any single representative business may grow larger and cheapen its cost of production per unit of supply. Agriculture was commonly taken as the typical instance of an industry with diminishing returns, but improved transport and organization can overcome this tendency, as our nineteenth-century experience showed. As Mr. Wicksteed says: "Whether in agriculture or manufactures, it seems to be a fairly general rule that when an increased demand causes an increased production that presses against the existing limits, at first cost of production will rise, but ultimately it will fall." Some industries are more susceptible of these changes than others, but the difference is only of degree.

When this work passes into another edition, we hope that Professor Pigou will widen his definition of economic welfare so as to include measurable factors of satisfaction and dissatisfaction relating to production. For shorter hours, removal of injurious conditions of employment, skill, and interest in work are as much entitled to rank in the economics of welfare as is the growth of the national dividend. Indeed, there is such a close organic interaction between the two that no separate measurement of the satisfactions which they yield is tenable.

INSECT BIOGRAPHY.

Insect Life. By E. A. EALAND, M.A. (Black. 30s. net.)

IN Mr. Ealand's sturdy opinion, the "bug-hunter," "the object of whose depredations was merely the filling of some tawdry, pendent, glass-topped case with specimens arranged

in bizarre patterns," has at last been ousted by the entomologist, the man of method with his precise systems, nomenclatures, and classifications, who yet has more strange and adventurous deeds up his sleeve than are contained in all Malory, Robert of Gloucester, and Geoffrey of Monmouth. The way the modern entomologist classifies the common house-fly, for instance, is as follows:—Branch: *Arthropoda*. Class: *Insecta*. Sub-class: *Enderopterygota*. Order: *Diptera*. Sub-order: *Cyclorrhapha echizophora*. Genus: *Musca*. Species: *Domestica*; but his material—and the boycott of Fabre is now an old, ridiculous, far-off tale—based on emotionless observation, is more extraordinary than any collected by the medieval bestiaries. Mr. Ealand's lucid, crisp, and well-arranged volume is not intended to be more than an up-to-date manual of the insect groups, with supplementary chapters on classification, metamorphosis, coloring, social habits, and economic problems, but, destitute as the book is of biological discussion, it emerges simply as romantic biography.

The structural specializations of insects are, of course, infinitely more complex and elaborate than the most finished of human instruments or advanced of constitutions. Certain Blister Beetles (*Meloidæ*) are parasitic upon the Anthophora bees. The eggs are deposited near the nest, and the larvæ (triungulins) hibernate the winter through without food until the bees emerge in spring, when they attach themselves to the hairy bodies. When a bee lays its egg, the larva drops from the body and "floats upon the egg as upon a raft." The cell is closed, and the triungulin takes a week to devour the egg, still floating on the shell, to escape drowning in the honey-store. It then moults, and in its new being is adapted to float on the honey, which it takes some six weeks to consume. It then changes into a pupa within the larval skin, and in another month or so emerges as the perfect imago. The subtleties and convolutions of these adaptations all lend force to Bergson's idea that instinct and intelligence are on divergent tracks of evolution, and, incidentally, enhance one's appreciation of the interdependence between differentiation and integration. No living animals are more exquisitely differentiated than the higher insects, but without the Anthophora—this genus of bee and no other—the race of the triungulins would be extinct. The Yucca moth and the Yucca flower are totally dependent upon each other for their continuance in the world, and the degenerate parasitic condition often develops among many species of ants into a perfect harmony of symbiosis. Not less extraordinary, from the point of view of integration, are the achievements both of crafty, predatory insects in their exploitation of protective resemblance and of insects preyed upon in self-protection. A British East African insect of the family *Fulgoridæ* is dimorphic, some being bright green, others bright pink in coloring. The pink individuals occupy the lower part of a plant's stem, the green ones above, while the developing larvæ (totally unlike the parent forms) sit upon the lowest part of the stems. This remarkable grouping produces the appearance of a spiked inflorescence, the larvæ simulating seeds, the pink gentry drooping flowers, and the green unopened buds so masterfully that Professor Gregory attempted to gather the first cluster he saw, "when the mock flowers and buds jumped off in all directions." In his remarks upon mimicry, Mr. Ealand might have mentioned Cesnola's experiments with tethered mantises, the brown species on green vegetation, the green on brown, as a striking refutation of the old theory that natural processes are wasteful and purposeless in their operations.

The metamorphoses of insects are almost as varied from family to family as their habits in the imago state. Some families tend to telescope their life-histories by missing a stage or stages out (*viz.*, the dragon-flies have no pupæ); others toil after a short and merry life by years of schooling. The larval life of the Ephemeridæ is three years and twenty moults, and there is a sub-imago period between the nymphal and final condition, while the purgatory of some locusts is seventeen years, their heaven a few days. Aphides, on the other hand, take only a week to become their conclusive selves, and reproduce so rapidly until the end of the summer (when normal pairing takes place) by wingless parthenogenetic females that Huxley used to say that the offspring of a single pair would, if all survived,

weigh down the population of China. The Phasmids (Stick insects) moult but twice in the larval period, but they do so with a purpose, changing from green to brown concurrently with the fall of the leaf and the appearance of the brown twigs on which they live. Mr. Ealand remarks that there are few examples of parental care among insects (the earwig and social families, like ants, are well-known exceptions), but it is interesting to note the vast number of insects which sacrifice themselves in bearing or capitalizing (*viz.*, the digger wasp) the young which they will never see. The Psychids (Bagworm Moths) are a curious illustration. The females lay an enormous number of eggs in the bags in which they live all their lives, and the first act of the emerging larvæ is matricide, after which they set to work, Greek play-fashion, preparing their own nemesis, by constructing the bags—some of silk, others of vegetable detritus, others of earth, others of sticks in every variety of form, length, and position—into which the females crawl to be ultimately served up as a "daintie dish" to their offspring. The "woolly bear" (*Arctiida*), which gives the cuckoo dyspepsia, uses its long hairs with that ingenious economy which distinguishes nature so much more than her apparent wastefulness, for when these hairs have served their purpose in protecting their owner from its foes, they are bitten off to form the cocoon before pupating. Nor is mutual aid among unsocial species unknown in the process of bearing or providing for the young. Some tropical Coleoptera (*Brentidæ*) have enormously elongated snouts which the female uses to bore holes in wood to lay her eggs in. The snout is apt to get fixed in the aperture, whereupon the male extricates her by pressing his bulky prosternum against the tip of her abdomen, the sturdy forelegs of the female acting as a fulcrum and her body as a lever, so that the male's effort exerted at one end of her body "produces the required result at the other."

One might go on for ever thus in this Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and it seems rather thankless to ask Mr. Ealand why, in his discussions of methods of reducing insects injurious to crops and health, he has not so much as mentioned the services of birds, the cheapest and most effective insecticides in the world.

Foreign Literature.

THE COMEDY OF CLOAK AND SWORD.

Ruiz de Alarcón: *Teatro*, Edición y Notas de ALFONSO REYES; Lope de Vega: *Comedias I.*, Edición y Notas de J. GÓMEZ OCERÍN y R. M. TENREIRO. "Clásicos Castellanos." (Constable.)

Calderón: *Teatro I.*, Prólogo de J. GÓMEZ OCERÍN; Lope de Vega: *Teatro I.*, Prólogo de ALFONSO REYES; Ruiz de Alarcón: *Páginas Escogidas*, Selección, Prólogo, y Notas de ALFONSO REYES. (Madrid: Calleja. 2 ptas. 50c. each.)

"SKELETONS in quick movement," said Meredith; "Marionettes." "The comedy might be performed by a troop of the *corps de ballet*; and in the recollection of the reading it resolves to an animated shuffle of feet." The scene of a comedy of cloak and sword is generally laid in Madrid: a street before the house of Don Juan, a room in the house of Doña Anna, a walk with clipped hedges in the public gardens. The persons of the comedy belong to the dramatist's own time, the early seventeenth century, the time of Velazquez; so, too, do the intrigues and, to a certain extent, the daily life of the characters. To the original audience, however, what gave point to the plot and added excitement to the play was that, in two respects, Don Juan and Doña Anna behaved as if they had lived two or three hundred years before. These survivals from old times were the practice of duelling and the old Spanish code of domestic honor.

Calderon's "*Comedias de capa y espada*"—and they are the most characteristic specimens of the kind—begin either with the entry of a cloaked figure or with an encounter between two men with swords. But in Calderon's day (as Ticknor pointed out long ago) duelling and brawling in the

streets had become comparatively rare, and Calderon himself got into hot water when he and his brother drew their swords in a public thoroughfare. The last public duel countenanced by Royal authority took place in the reign of the Emperor Charles V., a hundred years before Calderon wrote; and a traveller who spent some time in Madrid in 1623, and moved in circles where duelling would have been practised, had there been any, wrote: "One shall not hear of a duel here in an age." The code of domestic honor, which compelled Don Juan to make an end of Doña Anna, whether she were his wife or his sister, on the faintest suspicion of dishonor, had long fallen out of use. The law was re-enacted, certainly, in the reign of Saint Ferdinand in the thirteenth century; but in the time of Calderon the man who took the law into his own hands in so melodramatic a fashion would have been executed as a murderer. The tradition still lingered, however, in tragedy; and in comedy the point of a situation frequently depended on it. By the third (and last) act the intrigue had become so involved, the misunderstanding so inextricable, that the audience would be on thorns to know how Don Pedro and Don Manuel, Doña Beatriz and her maid, could be preserved from a general massacre, and how the unexpected but inevitable "Calderon touch" would get all out of their difficulties. "Lances de Calderón," indeed, became proverbial.

The comedies of cloak and sword seem almost as fresh and delightful now as when they were written. They always bring in the same kind of people; the women usually have more wit than the men. Doña Anna and her friends never use weapons or poisons, and they have no medieval notions about behavior; they are always charming, always well-bred, and never give themselves away. Doña Clara faces the most unjust suspicions with imperturbable dignity; and the maid, or the dueña, or the comic servant (the "gracioso"), will eventually set everything right by explanations into which it is beneath the dignity of a "señora" or a "caballero" to enter. The old Spanish dramatists, it is needless to say, wrote many other kinds of plays besides comedies of cloak and sword—legendary, historical, philosophical, plays on the lives of the saints, "autos sacramentales," and even operas. But the basis of their style and the outlook of their audience always depended on the "comedia de capa y espada"; and a modern reader, if he would understand them, must be familiar with it too. Meredith was right when he compared the Spanish comedy to a ballet; and we hope that M. Diaghileff and his followers will turn to Spain when they want a worthy successor to the "Good-Humored Ladies."

J. B. T.

Books in Brief.

Meredith Revisited, and Other Essays. By J. H. E. CREES. (Cobden-Sanderson. 12s. 6d. net.)

DR. CREES is a fine critic and a real lover of literature. He has studied the great writers with zest and diligence. We should suppose that by far the greater part of his life's interest had lain in literature alone, and that he had seldom looked beyond the study windows. We admire such devotion, for certainly it has been genuine, unselfish, and probably unlucrative. It has made him not only an excellent critic, but very nearly a fine essayist. If one must find fault, we should think that, for a first-rate essayist, he is just too exclusively literary. On various occasions throughout the book he displays all the pugnacity of the literary man. He shows us how writers hate one another. He plunges into the battles of books with something of Swinburne's rage and lofty scorn. That is why the two first essays, "Meredith Revisited" and "Skeletons in Cupboards," are far from being the best in the collection. They deal with the criticisms of other critics, or with literary disputations and quarrels which, in these busy and turbulent days, we have no time to trouble about. We knew before that Dr. Crees was a diligent student of Meredith, and had written a suggestive and illuminating book about that man of genius, and we were willing to leave it at that. The essays on Classical writers are in every way finer and more valuable than rather

petulant discussions upon literary details of no permanent importance. There are few lovers of Classical literature, and no schoolboys of the higher forms who would not gain from the essays on Homer, Aristophanes, Euripides, and Cicero. Personally, we think it a pity that Dr. Crees included a violent attack upon Mr. Beresford's novel, "God's Counterpoint." It is not the kind of criticism that need be placed in a volume aiming at some permanence. The other danger of Dr. Crees as an essayist is a tendency to quotations really too well-worn—quotations that have become familiar to the point of sickness. The volume is well "turned out" and beautifully printed, in spite of too numerous misprints.

* * *

Kipling's Sussex. By R. THURSTON HOPKINS. (Simpkin & Marshall. 12s. 6d. net.)

SUSSEX is no less lovely because literary men have taken to writing about it in a patriotic strain. Mr. W. H. Hudson and Richard Jefferies had rendered parts of it perfectly, and it was in no real need of championship. Mr. Belloc writes as though he is defending a wounded name. There is now a smack of snobbery about literary Sussex. Mr. Kipling has put it into books, and to give the county a still more bookish flavor Mr. Hopkins has written this literary guide. He takes us over Mr. Kipling's country, Burwash and the adjoining parishes. "His home is here," writes Mr. Hopkins, "and he has made this part of Sussex his very own in one of the most beautiful poems written on an English county. His verses on Sussex are imperishable. By sheer force of their lyric genius they must of necessity make the author talked about in the same way a hundred years hence as Keats is talked of to-day." And so on. This hero-worship apart, these rambles of Mr. Hopkins's are pleasant. He cheers us on the way with quotations from Mr. W. H. Hudson, Gilbert White, Jefferies, Francis Thompson, Henley, Mr. Belloc, and others.

* * *

A Prisoner of the Reds. By FRANCIS McCULLAGH. (Murray 18s. net.)

THIS is an honest record by one who has no axe to grind. Captain McCullagh hates Bolshevism as much as the fanatical anti-Bolshevists who talk about Marx and Russia without the least knowledge of either, but he also hates propaganda when it means the selection of some facts and the suppression of others. He believes that the Soviet Government would not now be in existence if intervention had not united the Russians, and if exaggerated propaganda had not created among the working-classes sympathy for the Reds. We believe these were important factors, but they do not account for everything. Something must be said for the living spirit in the Bolshevik idea, and the combination of idealism—fanatical idealism, perhaps—and practical capacity in the leaders of the movement. Partisans on either side will not derive satisfaction from Mr. McCullagh's book, but people who are seeking for data upon which they can rely, and a record of adventure clearly and freshly written, will find them here. The author was a member of the British Mission and was captured by the Red Army in Siberia. A detailed and sickening account is given of the massacre of the Royal family, put together by Mr. McCullagh from the evidence of various eye-witnesses. Yurovsky, the chief assassin, is shunned by the Bolshevists, we are told. "They have given him a good house, money, food, everything he asks for; but they avoid him, and do not like even to speak about him." Interesting sketches of Lenin and Trotsky are given. The pictures are not engaging, but Mr. McCullagh strives to be impartial. His impressions of Bolshevik Russia do not agree with those of other witnesses no less able than he, but he has succeeded in writing an entertaining and informative book on a subject which is getting perilously near to boredom.

* * *

The Collected Historical Works of Sir Francis Palgrave. Edited by Sir R. H. INGLIS PALGRAVE. Vols. III. and IV. (Cambridge University Press. 42s. each.)

LORD MELLORNE used to say that he was glad when an author's works were collected, because you could put them on a top shelf and have done with them. It would be unjust

to relegate Sir Francis Palgrave's works to that altitude without examination, since he was distinctly a pioneer with a sound grasp of constitutional principle, and a fairly spirited narrator despite queer lapses into the historical present tense and little imaginative flourishes in the Harrison Ainsworth manner. His account of the death of Harold in this edition touches genuine eloquence, and can be read with pleasure.

Palgrave's methods of production in the intervals of an official life were rather fragmentary, and thus we are now confronted by some new matter, hitherto left in manuscript. A sketch of the "General Relations of Medieval History" is excellent, so far as it goes; but it is practically confined to ecclesiastical affairs, which, though important, are not everything. A mighty section of the present Vol. IV. is concerned with the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen. Palgrave deals faithfully with the tortuous character of "Beauclerc," as he is characteristically called, and handles the dispute about investitures with authority. A leisurely amble through the chronicles, portents, comets and all, reproduces the dreary vicissitudes of Stephen's struggles for the throne. Palgrave is aware of his prolixity, and excuses it on the ground that the miseries of the reign could not otherwise be conveyed to his readers.

The Flight of the Goeben and the Breslau. By Admiral Sir A. BERKELEY MILNE. (Nash. 6s. net.)

ADMIRAL MILNE'S book is devoted wholly to refuting the version of a fateful episode of naval history given by Sir Julian Corbett in the "Official History of the War." Admiral Milne represented to the First Lord that the "Official History" contained several inaccuracies, and requested that the Admiralty (who had already publicly declared that Admiral Milne was exonerated from all blame in the escape of the German ships) should take action to clear him from the imputations in Sir Julian Corbett's version. As they did not accede to this request, he publishes his own story. He clearly has a grievance against Sir Julian Corbett, who did not consult him before writing, and he contends that the whole of his dispositions were affected by a telegram sent out by the Admiralty on the outbreak of hostilities with Austria. The result was that "the pursuit of the German vessels was checked for twenty-four hours."

From the Publishers' Table.

A NEW portrait of Keats has come into the hands of a gentleman in Monmouthshire. It was, so far as we know, purchased among the effects of a friend of Trelawny, who apparently gave it on one of his several visits.

MR. W. H. DAVIES, who has seen this discovery, says that it is a pen-and-ink drawing, of remarkable beauty, and by no means resembling the portraits of Keats which he has seen before. There is no signature, but the picture is quite clearly by a master. The water-mark of the paper, Mr. Davies further informs us, gives the date 1829; either the portrait is a copy or, more probably, a remembered impression.

THERE is an interesting passage in Mary Howitt's "Autobiography" which gives a bare description of three or four portraits of Keats, once in the possession of a Mrs. Nevill. Mrs. Nevill is there stated to have been an "early flame" of Keats's, but the statement is not filled out—however, one of the portraits is described as of Keats in his early manhood.

WHAT is thought to be an unreproduced portrait of Coleridge has now been housed at Christ's Hospital, Sussex. The artist's name is not given; the picture formerly belonged to Dr. Green. It represents Coleridge in old age, with idealization (as one would imagine); for, instead of a seamed and pallid forehead and an opium weariness, his face is of

an extraordinary brightness, with no wrinkles, with red, round cheeks, calm eyes, and shining silver hair.

THE fashion of collecting modern books still flourishes. Messrs. Davis & Orioli's eleventh list, which begins with a set of manuscripts by Wells, Shaw, Bennett, and others, offers such *rarissima* as Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," "the copy of Robert Nichols, with bookplate and autograph," 1909 (10s. 6d.); a penny tract by Mr. Masfield, "My Faith in Woman's Suffrage" (15s.); Mr. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," the first edition (eight guineas). Someone discovered the other day that Masfield had written an introduction for a fine-art catalogue of a Wolverhampton exhibition, 1902; there is now a hue and cry for copies. That offered by Messrs. Davis & Orioli is priced at 15s.

ANOTHER modern catalogue comes from The Bungalow, 8, Abercorn Place, N.W. 8. Those anxious to secure "The Chameleon," of which magazine one number was published at Oxford in 1894, can have it for £25. The copy includes "a sheet of grey Silurian notepaper containing five aphorisms in Oscar Wilde's handwriting," and other additions: especially, "a contemporary photograph of the editor . . . as an undergraduate of Oxford, wearing a large (possibly green) carnation." It is perfectly possible.

THE Napoleon centenary approaches. Messrs. Dent announce a new novel by the Baroness Leonie Aminoff, entitled "Torchlight," which deals with Napoleon's early career. We note that the writer was born in Finland, and that English is her adopted language—so that, remembering Mr. Conrad, we have a special curiosity in this book.

"QUEEN VICTORIA," now appearing serially in the "New Republic," is to be issued in America towards the end of May by Messrs. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

MESSRS. METHUEN will shortly publish a complete and up-to-date survey in one volume of "Electrical Engineering," intended for the use of students and engineers in practice alike. The same publishers announce a work on the history and evolution of human relationship, and the development of the family, entitled "Primitive Society," by Dr. E. S. Hartland.

THE forthcoming books of Messrs. Allen & Unwin include "The Analysis of Mind," by Mr. Bertrand Russell (at present lecturing in China), and "The Russian Workers' Republic," by Mr. H. N. Brailsford. The latter is the fruit of a recent two months' stay in Soviet Russia, chiefly passed in small country towns and villages.

IN the "Nouvelle Revue Française" for April will be found a translation in prose of "Sludge the Medium," by Paul Alfassa and G. de Voisins, with a preliminary note on Browning in which André Gide collaborates. In this note it is remarked that "the most important and by far the most interesting branch of Browning's work is that of the monologues so admirably typified in 'Sludge'; and there is a noteworthy suggestion of affinity between 'Dramatis Personæ' and some of Dostoevsky's short stories, such as 'Krotkaya,' but only in 'l'illogisme apparent et la logique profonde.'"

A Hundred Years Ago.

1821: OVERLOOKED LINES BY CHARLES LAMB.

IN considering the authorship of fugitive trifles in the newspapers of 1821 and the period, there are certain immediate guides. Most journals made every book of note the occasion to speak strongly for, or against, the writer; but their habit was to ignore entirely the journalistic work, no matter how unanimously eulogized, of the other camp. To consider any

literary work of a supposed political opponent worthy of quotation was apparently impossible. It is valuable, therefore, in attempting to credit an author with a piece of verse or prose, to know whether the journal which published it had previously referred to him.

The "Morning Chronicle" of July 13th, 1820, had printed an unsigned sonnet to Miss Burney, which was identified as Lamb's in 1894. It was a journal to which Lamb, as his "Essays" tell us, had contributed in earlier times. On January 1st, 1821, it reprinted from the "London Magazine" of the same date his "New Year's Eve." There is therefore no reason in the first place against the possibility of further contributions being assignable to Lamb.

Mr. E. V. Lucas in his edition of the "Works" (vii. 987) collected as "possibly Lamb's" eight lines under the title "On a Visit to St. Paul's." These lines Mr. Hutchinson reprinted in the Oxford edition, with the note, "The attribution may be regarded as all but certain: see 'The Tombs in the Abbey'"—where Lamb introduces an angry note on the charging of twopence for admission to St. Paul's. The source of the epigram, according to both Lucas and Hutchinson, is the "Examiner" (from the "Traveller") of April 8th, 1821.

Now these eight lines, with a difference of one word, are the concluding portion of a poem which had appeared, without a signature, in the "Morning Chronicle" of March 9th, 1821. The full production is quite in Lamb's style, and should replace the fragment in new editions of his poems:—

THE REPAIR OF ST. PAUL'S.

David's wise son, renown'd in sacred song,
Ere yet 'twas known that kings could do no wrong,
Refus'd to leave his Maker in the lurch,
Nor built his Palace till he'd built a Church;
But modern Priests have no such saintly call,
Build Fulham first, and then repair St. Paul.

Oh, could the air dispens'd from circling stove,
Warm as a Bishop's zeal or Christian love,
Dispens'd through stair-case, passages and hall
Of that Right Reverend house Episcopal,
With comfortable warmth, O! Paul, pervade
The damp, dull mould'ring of thy chill arcade!

But ah! I fear the comforts of the see
Will ne'er extend, unhappy Paul, to thee—
Though travelling eastward, they have reach'd as far
As the new mansion in St. James's-square.

What can he hop'd from Priests who, gainst the Poor,
For lack of two-pence, chain the church's door?—
Who, true successors of the ancient leaven,
Erect a turnpike on the road to Heaven?
"Knock, and it shall be open'd," saith our LORD;
"Knock, and pay two-pence," say the Chapter Board:
The show-man of the booth the fee receives,
And God's house is again a "den of thieves."

An amusing letter on this same subject, and to be read in connection with the poem now given and with the essay "On the Tombs in the Abbey," was later printed in the "Examiner" of March 7th, 1824.

Science.

THE GENESIS OF SCIENCE.

THE writer on scientific matters too often makes his subject unattractive. From this simple fact springs the common belief that scientific men, in general, cannot write well. It is always difficult to say precisely what is meant by the phrase "well written," but in so far as it indicates a merely technical and acquired excellence, there seems no real reason to suppose that scientific men, as a class, are less expert than other people. Yet it is true that the unattractiveness of so much scientific writing is an evidence of bad writing, but the badness is, we think, of a more fundamental kind. A scientific training, imposed on a rather common kind of

unimaginative mind, is likely to have, as its prose manifestation, a singularly bald and arid style, a style wholly without subtlety, one which exists merely to convey definite items of information. It is the style proper to the specialist in whom the faculty for wonder is extinct. No longer is each item of his knowledge the centre of a delicate and comprehensive web reaching out, sometimes, to most unlikely termini, but the place of each item is definitely fixed, its implications are known. The great scientific man always breaks up these groupings, and so, in his very much smaller way, does the man who writes well about science. One kind of good writing, perhaps the most important kind, consists in presenting the separate items of discourse as existing in the coherent context of an individual mind, and it is the individuality of the context which is most often, very understandably, lacking in scientific writings.

We have been led to remark on this general characteristic of scientific literature by the absence of it in M. Jules Sageret's "Le Système du Monde des Chaldéens à Newton." M. Sageret's book is well written; that is to say, it is not only interesting for its facts, it is still more interesting for the number of points at which it makes further speculation possible. M. Sageret tells us very agreeably, for instance, what we knew before, that empirical geometry had been highly developed before the dawn of scientific geometry. But what we had not realized so acutely was the character of the psychological problem involved in the transition from the one to the other. The Egyptians, in pursuit of purely utilitarian ends, had obtained, empirically, a large number of geometrical results: but there appears to be no evidence that they ever tried to generalize these results, to show why they *must be*, to form a scientific geometry. By drawings on small-scale models, they could solve most of the practical problems with which they were concerned, employing, as M. Sageret points out, the principle of geometrical similitude, as is also done by children who draw objects less than life size, and as was done by the cave-men who drew mammoths a few inches high. It must be remembered that this geometry was developed for purely practical purposes: the prevalent psychology is well illustrated in the story reported by Fontaney and Lachaise, in their "Lettres édifiantes et curieuses," of the very cultivated and very intelligent Chinese Emperor Kang-hi. He endeavored to learn geometry from a Jesuit missionary, but was unable to feel at ease with the results of purely deductive reasoning. The theorem, for instance, that the volume of a sphere varies with the cube of its diameter was subjected by him to experimental proof. He had a number of spheres, of different dimensions, fashioned out of the same material, and he determined whether their weights, being proportional to their volumes, really varied as the cubes of the diameters. A mind of this kind is hardly likely to desire theoretical confirmation of an empirical result, and we see that an education in purely empirical methods does not lead naturally to the development of a scientific geometry. The origin of geometry becomes, therefore, agreeably less straightforward, and the reader is incited to speculate on the question with fresh interest. M. Sageret's own solution appears to be to refer the genesis completely to one man, Pythagoras, and thus the mystery becomes a particular case of the general mystery of genius.

It is doubtful, however, whether the interest even of Pythagoras was a purely scientific interest. Besides the empirical and scientific ways of envisaging mathematical relations, there is the mystical method. Early investigations on numbers, in particular, show the influence of this spirit to a very marked extent. They investigated the esoteric properties, as it were, of numbers. Thus, the first four numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, stand for the principles of unity, opposition, plurality, and quadrature; whence we see the enormous importance of the number 10, which combines in itself all these principles, thus: $1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10$. Great ingenuity was shown in these researches, and some results of real interest were obtained, but discoveries of this kind do not make a science. The early history of biology shows analogous peculiarities: extraordinary

animals were alone worthy of attention; instead of a scientific classification of living creatures we had a catalogue of oddities from which no general conclusions could be drawn. This tendency of the human mind to accept the familiar without question, and to speculate only on the exceptional, led to the familiar—such as that an unsupported stone falls to the ground—being elevated to the rank of a principle. It happened so often that it must obviously be part of the stone's "nature" to fall to the ground. The problem, then, of how it is we can throw a stone up in the air, became very difficult. According to one theory we communicate to the projectile an incorporeal power of movement; incorporeal communications, it was pointed out, are not impossible: thus, the sun's ray, traversing a colored glass, transmits to the stone on which it falls the color of the glass—something incorporeal. St. Thomas Aquinas objected to this theory on the ground that a body could not retain, even for a moment, two qualities exclusive of one another. It could not, at one and the same time, be animated by a tendency to ascend and by a tendency to descend. It was only gradually that the modern concept of inertia was condensed from these speculations.

We see, then, that there were two quite different tendencies of the human mind which militated against the development of science. On the one hand there was its practicality, its conservatism, its lack of interest in abstract relations for their own sake. And on the other hand was its too great fertility in abstraction, its tendency to invent immutable principles of which actual phenomena were mere embodiments. It was neither the practical nor the metaphysical intelligence which created science, although the scientific mind, it may be, is some singular and fortunate combination of the two. This conclusion, without being the main contention of M. Sageret's book, is one at which we arrive incidentally. It is one conclusion amongst half-a-dozen others which emerge quite clearly, and probably unintentionally, from M. Sageret's remarks on other matters. We think, therefore, that his book is well written.

S.

Music.

A CLASSICAL PIANIST.

THE word "classical" is applied to music in various senses. Some people speak of "the classical period," signifying the age of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. To some the epithet is the antithesis of "romantic," or, in other cases, of "modern." Those who make use of "classical" as the antithesis of "popular" music may be disregarded, for persons of this type, whether their preference be for the one or the other, generally consider the serious works of contemporary composers as not being music at all. If "classical" is set in opposition to "romantic," then it is natural and obvious to contrast the age of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven with that of Schumann and Liszt. But at all periods of musical history one can discover music that is temperamentally classical or romantic as the case may be; the two aspects may be present in the same composer, even in the same piece of music, when we come to analyze it carefully. It is perfectly possible, and indeed extremely interesting, to consider Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven in their romantic aspects, Schumann and Liszt in those that are classical. These aspects seem often to change with the passage of time; it is much easier to envisage Liszt as a classic now than it was thirty years ago. This leads us to the point of view which regards "classical" as the antithesis of "modern." But what is "modern" music? Among contemporary composers I have known some who accept the epithet as a compliment, and others who repudiate it with indignation. These latter will point to Bach or Palestrina or Dunstable as being always modern, and they are confident that their own works will make the same appeal to posterity. Question them a little further,

and they will cite examples of men who were modern in their day but are now modern no longer. But in naming these there is practically no agreement; the selection depends entirely upon individual taste.

There is no need to quarrel over the exact and proper meaning of the words "modern" and "classical." The important thing is to realize and consider a certain distinction between different kinds of music that is easier to perceive than to define. The essential difference may be illustrated by comparing music with food that is hot or cold. We may generally prefer a hot meal to a cold one, but it is quite possible to find cold food that is excellent and hot food that is bad. Some things, considered singly, are better in the one or in the other condition. What is always repulsive is food which is tepid. The classification of music as hot, tepid, or cold must vary with individual hearers. Chopin, Wagner, Liszt, may be found in all three categories, according to the age and education of the subject. To some people Beethoven is still modern, to others Debussy is already a classic. The curious result of the cooling process is that it produces a change in the listener's judgment. There is a temptation for those who are by temperament romantic to overvalue much that is modern, and conversely a temptation for those of classical temperament to overvalue much that is old. Verdi and Offenbach, while they lived, were often considered vulgar; to-day they are classics beyond criticism. Yet I once knew a man—I believe he is still living—who considered Beethoven vulgar, and cited the posthumous quartets in illustration. For him the symbol of perfection was Brahms.

The distinction which I have sought to draw becomes important in view of the interpretation of music to an audience. Miss Fanny Davies plays Schumann; to her Schumann is still piping hot, and such is the fervor of her eternal youth that she can for a moment stir up a modern audience to forget that he is one of those composers to whom a shroud is a somewhat unbecoming drapery. That music which once was so intensely alive should stiffen, we feel, not into a corpse but into a statue. It is easy to accept the belief that a statue is a more beautiful thing than a living body. Busoni takes Bach, Beethoven, or Chopin—it matters little which. They are but fragments that he picks up in order to expound his own philosophy of the whole art of music. The players to whom it is painful to listen are those who strive vainly to give the waywardness of flesh and blood to music that has long set to the severe rigidity of marble.

The most difficult problem for the modern pianist is presented by the music of the nineteenth century. Roughly speaking, all or most of it is for us in these days "tepid." The simplest plan is to avoid it altogether. It is much easier to arrange a programme which couples music of our own day with music of two hundred years ago. Technical considerations confirm the advantage of this method, for much of the modern pianoforte music is directly influenced by the works of the clavichinists. The resulting programme may be attractive and harmonious, but it tends to become little more than a glorified *musique de salon*. One may often hear a pianoforte recital without a single example of a sonata on the grand scale. The days of the sonata are over, many people will say; Beethoven is tepid. Beethoven is, in fact, a rather tiresome personality; he has taken longer than anyone else to harden down into a statue, and the material sometimes appears to be still not quite irrevocably set. The period of transition is awkward and uncomfortable; tepid food is best put away in the cupboard for a time.

In Germany there is less consciousness of this distinction. The sense of tradition is stronger than with us, and there is less interest in either the definitely modern music or the definitely antique, apart from certain small groups of antiquaries and futurists. Mr. Edwin Fischer, who gave the first of three recitals at the Æolian Hall last week, is a Swiss pianist who has played much in America, and also to German audiences. His programmes, except for one item by a modern English

composer, inserted, we may imagine, as a gesture of courtesy to the country that he is visiting, are entirely nineteenth-century. Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms; we may class Bach as belonging to the nineteenth century, for the German point of view regards his music habitually as composed for the pianoforte rather than for the harpsichord. Such programmes are not in themselves attractive to modern London concert-goers; they draw an audience only for the sake of some name of world-wide reputation. Mr. Fischer played in London some eight years ago, but made little impression. His interpretations were in those days rather exaggeratedly German. Since then he has developed into a pianist of remarkable individuality. He has won a great reputation in Germany, but his outlook is by no means restricted or local, even though he confines himself for the present to well-known classics.

Mr. Fischer's style is in the main quiet, and absolutely devoid of sensationalism. It differs from that of most German players in that he has a full appreciation of the sensuous beauty of tone which can be obtained from the instrument. Busoni is in this respect without a rival, but the problems of interpretation with which he confronts his hearers are so severe that they can have little attention for anything else. When Mr. Fischer plays one is struck not so much by the originality of his interpretations as by their inevitable rightness. There is nothing passionate or haphazard about them; he gives always the sense of perfect control and security. There are players who, in seeking to avoid the pitfalls of rhetoric and sentimentality, become arid and didactic. From this error Mr. Fischer is saved by his modern outlook on the technique of the pianoforte. He has a wonderful feeling for great masses of sound supported by the pedal, graded carefully to a huge climax, or sinking steadily and serenely from a powerful *forte* to the shadow of a *pianissimo*. The tendency of the passionate player is to hurry the classics, to flog them into life. Mr. Fischer's *tempi* are on the slow side, for he loves to bring out the singing qualities of his themes. His feeling for rhythm is intellectual rather than mechanical. There are players who give the impression of a powerful rhythmic impulse by dint of hammering out their rhythms with the insistence of a savage on his drum. Mr. Fischer sees rhythm in a wider aspect; he does not force the rhythm of each bar, but shows how great groups of eight or sixteen bars are balanced by parallel groups, and this vision of music in large surfaces enables him to play with details, to stretch an emotional phrase, to prolong a moment of silence, with very commanding effect. He played an early sonata of Brahms, and played it with the modern conception of a classic, so that it became a really beautiful piece of pianoforte music, its angularities rounded off, its dry and ungainly passages veiled in a glowing haze of pedal vibrations. Particularly noble was his performance of Chopin's "Barcarolle." There was no doubt that for Mr. Fischer Chopin has become a statue; and what a relief it was to be rid of that Chopin who is kept simulating life by the affectations of fretful morbidity and Polish sentimentalism! *La Serenissima*, one felt, had at last imposed upon him something of her own stateliness.

EDWARD J. DENT.

The Drama.

IN AID OF THE ABBEY THEATRE.

The afternoon of April 6th, when the Irish players at the Ambassadors Theatre gave a performance in aid of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, which has been crippled by the curfew regulations, was an afternoon of poignant impressions. There must have been many present who found at least a passing solace for an enduring oppression in the thought that for a little while, at any rate, and on a small scale, English and Irish were working together for an Irish cause. To support the Abbey Theatre just now may, of course, mean simply a recog-

nition that art transcends the strife of States and nationalities, as was affirmed by the defeat of the attempt to dislodge Wagner from the concert halls of London during the war with Germany. Nobody would wish to deny that the plays of Yeats and Synge belong to world-literature. It remains true, nevertheless, that the Irish Theatre is (as has been said) "not only a national, but a Nationalist movement," and that homage to its work is homage to Irish nationality. Some, at least, of the audience on April 6th came, we feel sure, to pay with respect that homage.

The programme chosen was apt for this purpose. It assailed the English spectator with appeal and reproach and warning. The first piece was "Cathleen ni Houlihan," which is, perhaps, the noblest Nationalist manifesto ever penned, just because of its humility. From the first line to the last there is no swelling of vainglory, no hint of a banner of gilt and rapacious eagles that waits to be unfurled. Impossible that in 1921 the rents in the Poor Old Woman's cloak and the furrows in her face should not seem more austere than at any time since the play was first given. Her outbursts of broken song—which seem now the far-distant voice of a Druid lament, and now the grave echo of a *Tenebrae* psalm—fall to-day into a silence that is thick with forebodings. Never, we think, has Miss Sara Allgood's beautiful voice had a more sibilant ring. And because it is the nature of a mind that is stirred and troubled to take note of trifles, and also because it shows the capacity of skilful stage decoration to prolong the lines of a poet's thought, it is worth while to mention the powerful way in which the gaunt and damp-stained walls of the cottage in which the action takes place deepened on this occasion the atmosphere of the play. They rose in their barrenness, symbolizing not so much the material penury of a people as the nakedness of a nation's soul stripped for suffering.

After Yeats, Synge. His fellow-countrymen, we know, took small pleasure in the picture he made of them, but we whose business is not to judge, but, if we may, to understand, cannot refuse to mark the psychology of "The Shadow of the Glen." The yearnings that cannot be satisfied, the sinister humor, the vein of cold cruelty—they are characteristics that have to be reckoned on. Frankly, "The Shadow of the Glen" has had a more telling interpretation than it enjoyed this time. Miss Maire O'Neill has lost nothing of her skill in spoken music, it is true, but Nora Burke has been played less petulantly and with a more ethereal dissatisfaction. More serious still, Mr. Sydney J. Morgan's hoarse tones as the Tramp robbed his speeches of all their suggestion of dawn and the voice of birds. That lilt is the very soul of the play, which is sunk in mist and gloom without it. More baffling, we suppose, to English apprehension, than the sardonic and savage husband, the wife with her fierce dream hunger, or her sheepish and cowardly lover, is this squalid vagrant with his rags, and his whisky, and his serene Franciscan idealism. "The Shadow of the Glen" is a far better possession, all the same, than the translation of the "Fioretti" which Synge once planned, but never carried out.

Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News" ended the performance with a sharp, but not disagreeable flip from the switch of satire. In the mood in which we found ourselves it was inevitable that we should again widen the significance of the anecdote and give a symbolic value both to the group of peasants, whose mental processes are intelligible to nobody but themselves, and to the perturbed figure of Authority that harries them with vaguely paternal intentions. At times, indeed, it was hard not to feel a spark of sympathy for the Magistrate: the drooping eyelid of his uncommunicative and obedient police subaltern (admirably played by Mr. H. E. Hutchinson) was too cruelly sarcastic. Mr. Bruce Winston strode through the part with abounding energy, but we do not know that the John Bullish figure he cut was precisely the figure that rose to our mind's eye as we listened to his speeches. This eloquence, this cocksureness, this touching reliance on personal magnetism, this reeling from blunder to blunder, with continual recourse to the

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one only sovereign remedy, "handcuffs . . . more handcuffs . . . police . . . more police," it seems strangely, recently familiar—quite embarrassingly so. We take refuge in the programme, and find the character described as a "Removable Magistrate." . . . Perhaps; but only with a good deal of difficulty, we fear.
D. L. M.

THE BIBLE ON THE FILM.

LORD RUSSELL writes us:—

"Moved by some rather good notices and by the novelty of the idea, I turned somewhat hesitating steps to the Palace Theatre last night to see the presentation of the 'Dawn of the World.' After the performance perhaps the most dominating impression left on my mind was how any inducement could be sufficiently large to bring Mrs. Patrick Campbell (who, after all, is an artist, and one that most of us remember with admiration) to take part in the jejune prologues and to sanction by her assistance some of the scenes that follow. Still, the earlier part of the performance was undoubtedly well done on the whole, and would have been interesting but for its exasperations. The Garden of Eden was quite good, although it did not seem to me sufficiently flowery: so was the Serpent: so were Adam and Eve, who were just sufficiently 'not ashamed' to pass the Censor. We did not have the flaming sword, although I should have thought this was a trick particularly adapted to the capacities of the Cinema. Cain and Abel were quite good, too: so was the Tower of Babel. Then we had a great deal of Joseph, and the natural irritation of his brethren at his provoking dream was convincing and realistic. Potiphar's wife was all she ought not to be: with the worst Oriental touches. The scenes at Pharaoh's Court were magnificently staged, but entirely failed of their effect because of an extraordinary American Cinema tradition which requires even the most stately personages to walk at seven miles an hour and to waggle their shoulders from side to side like a runner in the last stage of exhaustion at the end of a three-mile race. In spite of the producers, I am convinced that no Pharaoh ever moved in this unseemly manner. Then the 'close-ups' of Potiphar's wife, Joseph, and others, 'registering' emotion in the approved manner, were very painful and irritating. I am afraid I have not a true movie mind, for I thought the quotations of the Bible's own perfect language the best part of it. Even here one was driven to inarticulate fury at times by mistakes which no third-rate proof-reader would have passed, and it is difficult to understand any London management allowing them upon its screen. We then had Moses and Aaron, the brickmaking, the Red Sea, the Tables of the Law, the Striking of the Rock, and Lot, with one of the more unfortunate incidents illustrated but not described. Incidentally it was rather curious to note that apparently not 10 per cent. of the audience knew what the incident was. Two of the very best effects were the fire and brimstone and the turning of Lot's wife to a pillar of salt.

"Well so far, so fairly good: subject to the exasperations and annoyances I have mentioned, one had been able to appreciate the display. But after an interval of ten minutes came the second part, and here the producers allowed themselves to break loose. Solomon—one at any rate thinks of him as an opulent and dignified figure, but here he was looking like an Arizona cowboy on the prowl; the Shulamite woman a village hussy. We had many scenes of the pursuit and approach, interspersed with the magnificent words of the Song of Solomon, and defaced with 'close-ups' 'registering' passion. However, the time had come when the American movie spirit could be controlled no longer. It broke all bounds, and after these two had at last met these noble words were flashed upon the screen: 'Where is your house? I'll come to-night—and we'll be happy.' I could bear no more. I flung myself out of the theatre, and rocked across Cambridge Circus with such unseemly mirth that I barely escaped arrest by the stolid and respectable police on duty. Well, well, as I said before, I fear I am lacking in the true movie spirit."

Exhibitions of the Week.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK.

Leicester Galleries: "Tyros and Portraits," by Wyndham Lewis.

PEOPLE often dispute as to whether Mr. Wyndham Lewis is essentially a writer or a painter; his exhibition at the Leicester Galleries should convince unprejudiced opinion that he is essentially both. This is his first public appearance since the first and last exhibition of the "X Group" a couple of years ago, and during this period his art has made a very striking advance both in power and scope. He is certainly the most individual as well as the most original of the English experimental painters, and he has a further advantage over his fellows in that he is able to explain and comment upon his own work in prose of immense zest and brilliance. "This exhibition," he says, in an introduction to the catalogue, "contains the pictures of several very powerful Tyros." He explains in a footnote that a Tyro is "an elementary person; an elemental, in short. Usually known in journalism as the Veriest Tyro. [All the Tyros we introduce to you are the Veriest Tyros.]" The matter becomes clearer when we look at the pictures. Each grotesque portrait seems to call up in a dim and rather disconcerting way the face of some anonymous acquaintance, or is it of some type which we ourselves more or less unconsciously carry in the mind, incomplete and, but for Mr. Lewis, unrecognizable? Mr. Lewis has succeeded in introducing his Tyros without referring to Freud, for which we are truly grateful, but perhaps it will help to explain these inventions if we say that they appear to have reached maturity without acquiring any inhibitions. They are adult *enfants terribles*, but they are nevertheless, in the colloquial sense of the phrase, *bons enfants*. They display their instincts, mischievous as they are, with an engaging innocence. We fear we must all at times be Tyros to Mr. Lewis, but we may still disguise the horrid truth amongst ourselves. We should be Tyros to ourselves were we born full-grown and completely equipped with experience of nothing but folly and evil. Mr. Lewis has endowed these prodigies of his satiric sense with an insane propensity to laughter, which fatally reveals them for what they are. They smile and smile, or rather, they laugh and laugh, and they are villains. We see them variously engaged upon their trivial needs and occupations; a Tyro with a malevolent and voracious grin about to breakfast; two Tyros actually at the process of indulging their ferocious greed on this homely meal; another pair reading Ovid with an unpardonable rapacity. The "School of Tyros" was missing on the opening day, but we are sure that Tyros could learn nothing at any school which would in any way abate their charming amorality. Mr. Wyndham Lewis himself appears as a Tyro of a rather jovial type, yet too intensely jovial to be altogether pleasant company. We hope to see a great many more of these extremely diverting creatures. If they are understood and relished as they deserve to be, they may do a great deal to rehabilitate satire, which, during the last seventy or eighty years, has been bidden in this country to behave itself like a little gentleman, and has expired in the effort. Mr. Lewis's satire is impersonal, or, at least, it is up to the present. Yet it has a blood-relationship with the caricatures of Vernet, Gillray, Hogarth, Rowlandson, Bunbury, and other stalwart smiters of folly of their period. All good satire has a moral or religious implication, and we look to Mr. Lewis's Tyromancy for a continual and varied illustration of our peculiarly modern nastiness and imbecility. We divine that Mr. Lewis's satire is at present engaged rather preponderantly on the Tyros of the art world, but he has a ripe field in every direction, and the bigger the sweep he gives to his reaper the better.

The interest of the exhibition is by no means confined to these Tyros. Mr. Lewis has abandoned the discipline of pure abstract or plastic design for the time being in favor of a more literal reference to natural appearance, but the fruits of his former method of approach are plainly to be seen in an increased mastery over plastic construction. A painting like "Praxitella," with its metallic solidity and sharpness of edge, suggests forcible analogies with sculpture, and we are by no means sure that Mr. Lewis

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E. SALTER DAVIES,
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The members of the Selection Committee wish to announce that canvassing by or on behalf of any candidate will disqualify her.

T. J. REES,
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Applications in candidate's own handwriting, stating age, qualifications, &c., with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, to be sent to the Librarian, Watford Public Library, Queen's Road, Watford, not later than 27th April, 1921.

Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification.
W. HUDSON,
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At the First Lecture on April 28th the Very Rev. the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S will preside.

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Thurs., April 21.—"Sir Phillip Sidney."
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May 19th—Mr. St. John Ervine on "The Theatre in America."

May 26th—Mr. G. Bernard Shaw on "The Spur of the Moment."

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will not one day surprise us by formidable constructions in stone and metal. This portrait is the most important and the most completely realized in the exhibition. That of Miss Iris Tree, stretched in an attitude of languor, far removed from lassitude, in an immense and adamantine chair, expresses more of Mr. Lewis's interest in individual character than the larger work, and is painted in a higher key of color. As we look at this picture we half expect to see the lady spring to her feet, like the slack string of a bow suddenly made taut.

Of the drawings, which form the larger part of the exhibition, it is difficult to write without hyperbole. The most inveterate objector to Mr. Lewis's outlook must admit that he has few rivals amongst his contemporaries, either in England or on the Continent, as a draughtsman. His line seizes and encloses with an exhilarating swiftness and suppleness every lively element of structure or character, whether with fine work with the pen, as in "Man's Head" and the study of "W. Gill, Esq.," or with the simple contours of "Poet Seated" and the heads of Mr. Ezra Pound and Mr. Sacheverel Sitwell. We note with particular admiration the beauty of Mr. Lewis's invention in the treatment of costume.

O. R. D.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 16. Royal Institution, 3.—"Poisons and Antidotes," Lecture II., Dr. H. H. Dale.
- Mon. 18. Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, E.C., 1.20.—"War from the Soldier's Point of View." Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"The Utility of Research on Building Materials," Mr. A. E. Munby.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Recent Applications of the Spectroscope to Science and Industry," Lecture II., Dr. S. J. Lewis. (Cantor Lectures.)
- Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"South Persia and the Great War," Brig-General Sir Percy Sykes.
- Tues. 19. Royal Institution, 3.—"Darwin's Theory of Man's Origin, in the Light of Present-Day Evidence," Lecture I., Prof. A. Keith.
- Royal Statistical Society, 5.15.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.
- Zoological Society, 5.30.—"Observations on the Habits of the Snail, *Cochlitoma zebra*, in Confinement," Mrs. J. Longstaff; and two other Papers.
- Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"Report on Excavations at the Stone Axe Factory of Graiglwyd in 1920," Mr. S. Hazzledine Warren.
- Wed. 20. Royal Meteorological Society, 5.
- Geological Society, 5.30.—"Geological Sections through the Andes of Peru and Bolivia: III., From Callao to the River Parana," Mr. J. A. Douglas; "The Valentian Series," Prof. O. T. Jones.
- Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Thomson's Apparatus for Armless Men," Sir James Cantlie.
- Thurs. 21. Royal Institution, 3.—"Nationalization and Bureaucracy," Lecture I., Mr. H. S. Foxwell.
- Royal Society, 4.30.—"A Quantum Theory of Color Vision," Prof. J. Joly; and three other Papers.
- Linnean Society, 5.
- Royal Numismatic Society, 6.—"Some Historical Roman Coins of the First Century A.D.," Mr. H. Mattingly.
- Chemical Society, 8.
- Viking Society (University of London, South Kensington), 8.15.—Annual Meeting; President's Address.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.
- Fri. 22. Association of Economic Biologists (Imperial College of Science, South Kensington), 2.30.—"Green Plant Matter as a 'Decoy' for Actinomyces scabies in the Soil," Mr. W. A. Millard; and two other Papers.
- Royal Society of Arts (Indian Section), 4.30.—"The Common Service of the British and Indian Peoples to the World," Lieut.-Col. Sir E. W. M. Grigg.
- Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Limit Gauging," Sir R. T. Glazebrook.
- Sociological Society (Linnean Society's Rooms, Burlington House), 6.—"The Saffron Walden Survey," Mr. G. Morris.
- League of Peace and Freedom (Minerva Café, 144, High Holborn, W.C.), 7.30.—"John Woolman," Mr. C. Simpson.
- Royal Institution, 9.—"Electro-Synthesis in Organic Chemistry," Sir James Walker.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

RELIGION.

*Mainage (Th.). *Les Religions de la Préhistoire: L'Age Paléolithique*. 10x6. 438 pp., 11. Paris, Desclée, de Brouwer & Cie., 30, Rue Saint-Sulpice, 30 fr.

SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

*Freeman (R. Austin). *Social Decay and Regeneration*. Introd. by Havelock Ellis. 9x6. 365 pp. Constable, 18/- n.

*Webb (Sidney). *The Story of the Durham Miners (1662-1921)*. 7x5. 164 pp. Fabian Society, 25, Tothill Street, S.W.1, paper 2/6, cl. 5/-.

EDUCATION.

Cambridge Plain Texts. Carlyle, *The Present Time*.—Donne, *Sermons XV. and LXVI.—Fuller, The Holy State (II., 1-15)*.—Goldsmith, *The Good Natur'd Man*.—Johnson, *Papers for "The Idler"*. 6x4. 50-80 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 1/- each.

Davey (A. A.). *Asia (Arnold's Modern Geographies, IV.)*. 7x4. 96 pp., maps. Arnold, 9d. n.

Hayward (F. H.). *Mental Training and Efficiency*. 7x5. 176 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, 3/6 n.

*Two Plays from the Perse School. Pref. by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse. Introd. by F. C. Hoppold. 8x5. 64 pp. Cambridge, Heffer, 3/6 n.

Vigny (Alfred de). *Prose et Poésies*. Ed. by A. Wilson-Green (Cambridge Modern French Series). 7x5. 153 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 4/6 n.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Studies in the History and Method of Science. Ed. by Charles Singer. Vol. II. 11x7. 581 pp., col. pl. and 11. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 48/- n.

USEFUL ARTS.

*Pearson (Sir Arthur). *The Conquest of Blindness*. 7x4. 124 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 2/6 n.

LITERATURE.

Kavanagh (Marienne). *Dante's Mystic Love: a Study of the Vita Nuova, Odes, &c., from the Allegorical Standpoint*. 7x5. 122 pp. Sands, 4/6 n.

*Lemaître (Jules). *Literary Impressions*. Tr. by A. W. Evans. 7x5. 335 pp. O'Connor, 10/6 n.

*Tchekhov (Anton). *The Note-Books of Anton Tchekhov*. Ed. by Maxim Gorky. Tr. by S. S. Kotliansky and Leonard Woolf. 7x4. 108 pp. Hogarth Press, Richmond, 5/- n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Boyd (H. J.). *Verses and Ballads of North and South*. 7x5. 60 pp. Elkin Mathews, 3/6 n.

Odessey. Tr. into English, in the Original Metre, by Francis Canfield. Pref. by Rev. Dr. A. A. David. 7x5. 423 pp. Bell, 7/6 n.

Plautus (Titus Maccius). *The Captivi (Prisoners of War)*. 28 pp.—*The Trinummus (Half-a-Crown)*. 35 pp. Both tr. by Prof. Wm. Ritchie. 9x7. Cape Town, Dartar Bros. (Simpkin & Marshall).

Price (Harcourt T.). *The Text of "Henry V."* 8x5. 55 pp. Newcastle-under-Lyme. Mandley & Unett, 2/6 n.

*Turner (W. J.). *Paris and Helen*. 8x7. 46 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, 5/- n.

FICTION.

Applin (Arthur). *The Marriage of Margot*. 7x5. 315 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.

Blyth (James). *The Fight for the Luck: a Story of Adventure*. 7x5. 304 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.

Burke (Thomas). *Whispering Windows: Tales of the Waterside*. 7x5. 309 pp. Grant Richards, 8/6 n.

Dawe (Carlton). *A Tangled Marriage*. 7x5. 304 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.

Fish (Morace). *The Great Way: a Story of the Joyful, the Sorrowful, the Glorious*. 7x5. 440 pp. Cassell, 8/6 n.

*France (Anatole). *A Mummer's Tale*. Ed. by J. Lewis May and Bernard Miall. 9x5. 240 pp. Lane, 7/6 n.

Johnston (Sir Harry). *The Man who did the Right Thing*. 7x5. 444 pp. Chatto & Windus, 8/6 n.

Lawrence (C. E.). *The Iron Bell*. 7x5. 319 pp. O'Connor, 8/6 n.

Miln (Louise Jordan). *The Pursuit of Pamela*. 7x5. 303 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 8/6 n.

Moberly (L. G.). *Barbara*. 7x5. 314 pp. Ward & Lock, 7/- n.

Oemler (Marie Conway). *The Purple Heights*. 7x5. 317 pp. Heinemann, 7/6 n.

Oyen (Henry). *Twisted Trails*. 7x5. 304 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 8/6 n.

Page (Gertrude). *Jill on a Ranch*. 8x5. 231 pp. Cassell, 6/- n.

Thompson (Sylvia). *The Rough Crossing*. 7x5. 248 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 7/6 n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

*Bland (J. O. P.). *China, Japan and Korea*. 9x6. 337 pp., 11. Heinemann, 21/- n.

*Poynter (Mary A.). *When Turkey was Turkey: In and around Constantinople*. Introd. by the late Sir Edwin Pears. 9x5. 197 pp. Routledge, 12/6 n.

BIOGRAPHY.

*Cycle of Adams Letters, 1861-5. Ed. by Worthington Chauncey Ford. 8x5. 2 vols. 311, 281 pp., 11. Constable, 45/- n.

*Duclaux (Mary). *Victor Hugo (Makers of the Nineteenth Century)*. 9x6. 280 pp. Constable, 14/- n.

Wassermann (Jacob). *Mein Weg als Deutscher und Jude*. 8x5. 126 pp. Berlin, S. Fischer, 12 m.

HISTORY.

Helps for Students of History. 38. *The Turkish Restoration in Greece, 1718-97*. By William Miller. 45 pp. 1/3 n.—40. *English Time-Books. Vol. I., English Regnal Years and Titles, Hand-Lists, Easter Dates, &c.* 102 pp. 4/- n.—43. *The Western Manuscripts of the Bodleian Library*. By H. H. E. Craster. 48 pp. 1/3 n. 7x4. S. P. C. K.

Zschackzsch (Karl Georg). *Die Herkunft und Geschichte des arischen Stammes*. 9x6. 327 pp. Berlin-Nikolassee, Arter-Verlag.

WAR.

*Lansing (Robert). *The Peace Negotiations: a Personal Narrative*. 9x5. 305 pp. Constable, 16/- n.

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS COMPANY LIMITED.

The adjourned annual general meeting of the Birmingham Small Arms Co. was held at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on April 11th. The Chairman (Sir Hallelwell Rogers) said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,

In the untoward circumstances in which we meet to-day, your Directors are glad to be able to submit to you a Balance Sheet of the character you have in your hands. It is in a somewhat different form from those of previous years, and why it is so I will explain in a few minutes.

Good Profits in Adverse Conditions.

The feature to which I beg first to draw your attention is that of the profits made, namely, five hundred and sixty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty pounds. These profits have been made in spite of adverse circumstances. Towards the end of the period with which the accounts deal, first one branch, and then another, of your business was faced by a sudden falling off in demand, and the cancellation of orders. For four months in some departments, for three months in others, there was, consequently, very little remunerative business at all. Earlier in the period we were badly handicapped, especially in sending supplies to our foreign and colonial markets, by that very perverse manifestation of the spirit of unrest—the Moulders' Strike. We were, on account of it, constantly unable to make deliveries, so that American and other foreign competitors got the business. The trade so lost could, of course, never be recovered. There were other strikes and disputes as well, and though none of them arose in our works, the loss they inflicted on us indirectly was severe. Finally, these profits were made in a period when fuel and other material, freights and wages were abnormally high. In view of these facts, and that the accounts were closed when no relief of the trade depression had taken place, we thought it wise to write down the stocks of all Companies to the lowest possible point. All of these factors have, of course, affected the profits unfavourably.

Why no Further Dividend is Recommended.

With the Carry Forward from the last Balance Sheet, the figure available for distribution amounts, as you perceive, to £785,047, and of this £263,315 has already been distributed as interest to the holders of the 6½ per cent. Notes and in dividends to Preference and Ordinary Shareholders. The resolution I have moved shows you that your Board recommends that the usual dividends on Preference Shares shall be paid, but that the entire balance, namely £510,818, shall be carried forward to the next account.

Some Shareholders, I have no doubt, have been disappointed that, with so satisfactory a profit, the Directors have not recommended any further division. But our reasons for this conservative course are surely self evident. In addressing you in November last I warned you not to conclude from the picture of your business, then presented to you, that we had made or expected in the immediate future to make either largely increased profits or to pay large dividends. I told you that it was clear even then that we might have to conserve the Companies' cash resources, and that, in this matter, when the right time came, we should recommend that course to you which seemed in the best interests of the concern.

Since November five months have elapsed, and they have been five months without material recovery in either the foreign or colonial markets, and though home trade is more active than that abroad, there is neither the demand nor the capacity to pay that were enjoyed at this time last year. In these circumstances we are not able to keep more than 50 per cent. of our men at their employment, and most of these are on short time. The bulk of the trade we are doing accordingly consists of sales of stock left over from last year. Had these things stood by themselves your Board would not have considered it right, in a time of severe depression and with half of the Company's employees out of work, to propose any further division of profits made in more prosperous times. When to these circumstances, however, is added the menacing fact that the miners, the railway men, and the transport workers are attempting to paralyse the entire commercial life of the country, we have no hesitation in saying that we should be exposing ourselves to deserved criticism had we chosen this moment to deplete our cash resources by paying a further dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

The Aircraft Deal.

Before I pass to detailed consideration of the Balance Sheet, I want to make one observation to you about the acquisition by this Company of the Ordinary Shares of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company Limited and Peter Hooker Limited. This transaction took place in February, 1920, on

investigations made by us nearly two years ago. Had we been able, as we originally intended, to acquire the control of these concerns with vacant possession; or had the contracts into which both concerns had entered, prior to our entry, been as remunerative as they were represented to us to be, then, in either event, the investment would have been amply justified and most remunerative. But Peter Hooker Limited was, unfortunately, hopelessly involved in burdensome contracts which, moreover, could not be executed except by the investment of a very large further capital. Had this money—possibly half a million—been found, the loss of at least half of it would have been inevitable. There was consequently no alternative to liquidation. In the case of the Aircraft Company the situation looked rather better. But even here, by July last, the uncertain future of the motor trade and the very heavy realised losses which the Company had made in the previous year, made it obvious that the situation could not be saved except by a very greatly increased investment, and that this investment could in turn not be made except at a very great risk. The holders of prior capital in that Company were invited to take part of this risk, but were unable or unwilling to do so. With very great reluctance, therefore, your Directors were compelled to recognise that the investment in each Company was a complete disappointment. There is, accordingly, nothing on the asset side of the sheet to represent these investments, we having written off out of the capital reserves of the Company the full face value of the shares issued in respect thereof. There remain only the bank overdrafts of these concerns. While for technical reasons we are bound to note this liability on the Balance Sheet, we are responsibly advised, and believe, that it is improbable that any charge will fall upon us in this regard.

Re-grouping the Reserves.

Before dealing with any further items on the Balance Sheet, I must point out to you that it is not strictly comparable with any previous balance sheet issued by this Company. As you are aware, since the war this concern has been undergoing a gradual process of reorganisation. Separate and independent Companies have been formed for B.S.A. Guns, Tools and Cycles. The Daimler Company and Daimler Hire Company have always been separate companies. And in the last two and a-half years we have acquired the independent businesses of Messrs. William Mossop & Sons Ltd., Messrs. J. J. Saville & Company Ltd. and Messrs. Burton, Griffiths & Co. Ltd. The external aspect of this reorganisation may be said to have been completed a year ago. This is the first year that we have been able to bring the internal organisation to the same point. This affects the Balance Sheet very considerably, because it has been necessary to re-group and re-apportion the reserves, suspense, and depreciations accounts, necessitated both by our large capital expenditures during the war, and the altogether unparalleled circumstances in which our work was carried out in that period.

The figures which you see in the Balance Sheet to-day are the result of this re-grouping, carried through with the advice, assistance, and approval of the Company's Auditors. As to the most important of the items, i.e., Freehold and Leasehold Land and Buildings, Plant, Machinery and Tools which, with the recent additions, stand now at £3,100,095, your Board decided to check the figure so arrived at before adopting it. We accordingly called in the services of Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons and Cassell, to make a survey of the works, &c., and prepare a certificate of their value. The Balance Sheet figure corresponds with that found by this very eminent firm of valuers.

The Balance Sheet in Detail.

Of our stock of finished and unfinished work, &c., I need add nothing to what I have already told you, namely, that our writings down have gone as far as was permissible.

Of the Debtors' item, the reduction from the previous Balance Sheet is largely due to the fact that all our open accounts with the Government have been settled.

The Investments, as you see, are taken in either at or under cost. This figure takes no account of the large reserves represented in some of the Subsidiary Companies' accounts.

Turning to the liability side of the Balance Sheet, you will observe that the issued Capital is increased by the amount of shares exchanged for holdings in other Companies. For the first time there is also on the liability side the 2,500,000 12-Year 6½ per cent. Notes, which were issued in January, 1920. The cost of this issue, £125,000 approximately, has been written off and therefore does not appear in the accounts of the Company.

The settlement of all outstanding claims for Excess Profit Duty and other taxation has reduced the item of Creditors very largely since the last accounts were issued. Further reduction arises from the fact that our entry of creditors in former balance sheets included certain reserves

which, under the re-grouping to which I have alluded, are now included in the Assets Reserve.

As to the Reserves, the General Reserve stands at the old figure. The Assets Reserve, which of course you understand is a Capital and not a Profit Reserve, is what remains after the re-grouping and re-adjustments about which I spoke just now, and after writing off the cost of the Note issue and the equivalent of the Ordinary Shares issued in respect of the Aircraft deal.

The Surplus of Assets over Liabilities.

Before I leave the Balance Sheet, may I draw your attention to a feature of the situation that is sometimes overlooked? I allude to our surplus of assets over liabilities. These, if we omit the ordinary Share Capital, the Assets and General Reserve, and the Carry Forward, amount, in round figures to four millions, two hundred thousand pounds. But our assets, in which there is no item for goodwill at all, amount to approximately nine and half millions. If we deduct liabilities from these assets we have a balance of 5½ millions, which represents the solid, tangible, and saleable property possessed by the Ordinary Share Capital, after every liability has been met in full. But this takes no account of the reserves in the subsidiary Companies. These, again excluding goodwill, would add very considerably to our surplus. You will perceive, therefore, that for every nominal £1 in Share Capital in the concern there is well over £2 of unencumbered property.

If you want to get at the real value of your Share Capital you must add to these figure whatever you consider the right figure for the goodwill of a concern that has the profit making capacity and past record of these Companies. And as to this record I should like to give you a set of figures which are significant.

The Companies' Record.

Between the outbreak of war and last September the group of Companies that you own had an output of approximately sixty millions sterling. They paid in taxes five and half millions sterling. They made a capital expenditure in the purchase of plant and in the erection and extension of their works, of over three millions sterling. Finally, while they paid upwards of one and a-half millions sterling as dividends to their Shareholders, they paid no less than eighteen millions sterling in wages to their employees.

Future Prospects.

It has been usual on these occasions to tell you something of present indications as to trade prospects. The prosperity of this Company depends upon three factors. First, our ability to produce goods at a price that is advantageous to the buyer and profitable to ourselves; secondly, on there being receptive markets; thirdly, upon our ability to make the best of the markets by good salesmanship. With your permission I will take these points in reverse order.

As to salesmanship, I would say that during the last year the management of the Company has addressed itself with the greatest strenuousness to the study and reorganisation of this branch of our activities. At home and abroad the whole of our methods of dealing with agents, with our customers direct, and with publicity has been—or is being—entirely reconstituted. Representatives of exceptional training and long experience have been engaged to investigate and stimulate our trade abroad, and when further arrangements of this nature are completed, we have little doubt that this part of our organisation will equal the proved efficiency of our productive branch. We shall then be able to take prompt advantage of any revival in demand, wherever it may occur in the world.

National and International Factors.

But when you have done all that skill and experience can suggest in this direction, it still remains true that you cannot expect a large and flourishing trade in a period of abnormal depression. There must be some favourable change in the conditions before we can exert our full capacity. What signs are there of such a change being on its way? The most hopeful element is that, in the present situation, business men in all countries appear to be awakening their Governments to the undoubted truth that the extravagant promises and the fantastic hopes that arose out of the reaction after the war, cannot be realised in our time. Hence statesmen are awakening to the fact that nations cannot act as if the more they have borrowed the more they should borrow, or that the more the Government spends the richer the country must become. It is to such pressure that I attribute the fact that such questions as inter-allied indebtedness, German reparations, the inflation of currencies, national expenditure, revenue, national debts, international exchange and the like, are being approached to-day in a very different spirit from that which prevailed

two-and-a-half years ago. These problems cannot, of course, be solved very quickly, but one cannot doubt that when the business community realises that they are in a fair way to sane and effective solutions, the first step will have been taken towards that restoration of confidence without which trade cannot resume its interrupted course.

The Illusions Behind Social Unrest.

These national and international problems are not, however, the only obstacles, and in many respects may not be the most serious obstacles to re-establishing sound business conditions. It is perhaps a more grievous matter that during the last thirty years political principles have been persistently inculcated into the minds of working men the world over that are quite inconsistent with economic progress, simply because they are in direct conflict with the plain facts of business. The result is that you have large classes in all countries not only utterly discontented, but convinced that the conditions of which they complain result from the greed and fraud of the wealth-owning section of the community. They have been taught, and now sincerely believe, that because labour is necessary to the creation of all wealth that, therefore, all wealth is created solely by labour. Wages, therefore, seems to them only part of the product which their splendid skill and energy have brought into existence, and they consequently regard the rest of the value of their product as going wrongfully into the pockets of private individuals, when it should go either to those who do the work or, at least, to the community they compose.

I.—All Wealth Created by Labour.

That men of any perception should seriously believe that all wealth is created by labour and by labour only, when the facts that prove the contrary are so many and so obvious, is one of the psychological wonders of the day. For, to take one example only, every labouring man knows that to a great extent labour is embodied power only; how otherwise could we have seen the most striking of all industrial phenomena, namely, the continuous supersession of human labour by the almost human labour-saving device? Indeed, one of the greatest difficulties of British industry is that the worker does not recognise the advantages to himself or to his class of this labour-saving machinery, just as it is perhaps the chief advantage that the United States have over this country, both in agriculture and in industry, that Americans are enabled by the advantages of their soil and climate in the first place, and thanks to the enlightenment of their working men in the second, to obtain their products with a far smaller expenditure of human energy than is possible in this country. It has been well said that the greatest labour-saving device in America is the American working man, for he has had the brains to see that power and machinery increase his ability to produce, and that with increased production—and therefore cheaper products—must come higher individual wages.

Be this as it may, however, the fact that power and machinery can make one machine do the work that twelve men did half a generation ago, and that fifty could not have done fifty years ago, is conclusive proof that labour cannot be the sole creator of the products of manufacture. Invention, organisation, science and design—each of these factors is just as indispensable as labour to obtaining that product. And whereas science, invention and design can to a great extent do away with labour, labour, as an agent in production, is manifestly powerless without their guidance and assistance.

But more important than either invention, organisation, science or design, is commercial foresight in the selection of the product, for without this the product will be unmarketable, so that the whole process of making it will be sheer waste. The share of labour then is a share, and no more.

II.—Output of Labour Not Realised Wealth.

But even if the extremists were right, and that the whole credit for production had to be given to labour, it would still not be true that labour is the sole creator of wealth. For production is not the only process necessary for creating wealth. If it were the problem of making profits for this Company would be extremely simple. All we should have to do would be to throw open all our factories and run every tool to the maximum of its capacity. But bitter experience has taught every business man that no wealth can be realised by manufacturing alone. Production is certainly the first indispensable step, but unless the product is sold wealth does not result. We could not, for instance, ladies and gentlemen, pay you a dividend out of the stock of finished and unfinished work which you will see itemised on the asset side of the Balance Sheet. Products are not wealth; goods are not profits; they are only the raw material. They become wealth and profits when they are sold at a price which exceeds the cost of production. It is the difference between these two—cost and realised selling price—that is the measure of wealth.

What organised labour overlooks is this: Whatever the

terms on which capital and labour co-operate, the result of their combined effort is not, cannot be, a final result. To justify capital invested in works, raw material, and wages; to justify the efforts of the men, and of the managers and directors who guide them, a new agency, distinct from both, has to come into being and do its task as well. And if labour would only believe it, this business of anticipating, finding, and exploiting markets to the best advantage, is an undertaking far less facile, far more obscure than the business of production.

III.—Wages Not Part of Product.

As to the illusion that wages are part of the product of the work for which these wages are paid, you have the proof of its falsity in your hands at this minute. As you see by the Balance Sheet, we have on our hands large stocks of finished and unfinished goods, made when we were working full time in the hope that favourable market conditions would continue. We are only in the position of hundreds of other concerns here, in America, and all over the world. Our stock consists of motor-cars, chassis, lorries, motor-bicycles, pedal-bicycles, spare parts, machine tools, small tools, rifles and shot guns, and high grade steel of all kinds. These articles and materials remain on our hands unsold. For the manufacture of these full wages were paid six, twelve, or eighteen months ago. But if the stock remains unsold to-day how can the wages paid six, twelve or eighteen months ago be part of the product? The facts of the case make nonsense of the doctrine.

The truth, of course, is that all industrial wages are a speculative investment by Capital. It may or may not turn out that the risks have been well considered. The whole process is a venture which may be brought to nought by exterior events which no foresight could have anticipated and no organising ability could have controlled or modified.

The State of Labour in Industry.

I have put these points at some length to you because the whole future of British industry turns upon the working men of this country being able to recognise that there are elemental truths which cannot be ignored if business is to continue. However ready we are to exploit the markets when they are re-awakened, we shall make no progress if, as I have said, we cannot offer our goods to the buyer at the price that is both advantageous to him and profitable to ourselves. Prices are too high to-day because the costs are too high, and the principle element in raising costs has been the higher wages and shorter hours established in all industries since the war. It is in no spirit of conspiring against labour that business men have been forced much against their wills to recognise this unwelcome truth, and when they point out that unless the wage cost of production is reduced business cannot continue, they do so not from any selfish motive, but because unless their warning is heeded, industry must come to an end altogether. For my own part, I cannot believe, however erroneous the theories which have misled our working men so greatly in the past, that their common sense—faced as they are to-day by a crisis in which the elements are so simple and so obvious—will not enable them to meet the inevitable with resignation. For they surely must see the moral of the facts and figures I gave you just now. You, ladies and gentlemen, get no further dividend, in respect to our operations up to October last, though full wages were paid to all our workmen for the greater part of the time. And if, in the previous five years, for every shilling the shareholders received, approximately twelve shillings were paid to the working men we employed, is it not clear that the workmen's stake in our continuance as a prosperous concern is many times greater even than our own?

In conclusion I would add this:—The times are difficult; the future is uncertain, but there are certain elements which lead one to hope that good feeling and common sense will in the end prevail. Meantime the duty of your Board is clear. For the last few months we have been actively engaged in reducing expenditure, in realising stock, and in instilling into every department of our works the pre-war spirit of economy. We cannot govern the international policy or the financial conditions that will restore the markets and confidence of the world. We can only so prepare ourselves that, at the first revival of sound trade conditions, the shareholders of this Company shall get the first and full advantage of it."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. Edward Manville, M.P. An amendment was submitted in favour of adjourning consideration and approval of the report and accounts pending an inquiry by a committee of shareholders into the action of the directors in respect of the purchase of the Aircraft Manufacturing Co. Ltd., and Peter Hooker Ltd. On a vote being taken only twelve shareholders supported the amendment, and the Chairman's resolution was agreed to.

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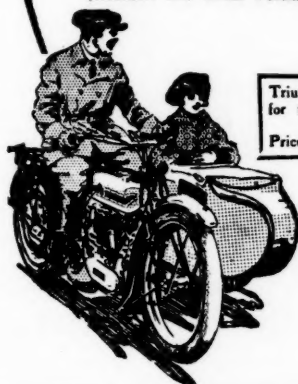
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